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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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NOTE

The play is given with the whole of the text and with the order of Acts and Scenes generally existing in library editions. This order has from time to time undergone changes in the theatre, and the division of Acts and Scenes which are here suggested will be found clearly indicated in the margins.

Abbreviations in the dialogue are marked with brackets.

The numbers in the text refer to the marginal notes, in which will be found directions for the stage business, groupings, exits, entrances, etc.

The play has been divided into four Acts and ten Scenes.

The designs suggest a mounting which may be realized without any great outlay. If regard be paid to the spaces for exits and entrances the groupings, business, etc., may still be carried out with any modifications of setting which may be expedient.

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English 16 M35 Reddiant

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PERSONS REPRESENTED

DON PEDRO, prince of Arragon.

DON JOHN, his bastard brother.

CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence.

BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua.

LEONATO, governor of Messina.

ANTONIO, his brother.

BALTHASAR, attendant on Don Pedro.

CONRADE, BORACHIO, } followers of Don John.

FRIAR FRANCIS.

DOGBERRY, a constable.

VERGES, a headborough.

A SEXTON.

A BOY, page to Leonato.

A MESSENGER, in the service of Don Pedro.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.

BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.

MARGARET, URSULA, } gentlewomen attending on Hero.

MESSENGERS, WATCH, ATTENDANTS, ACOLYTES, GENTLEMEN, LADIES, ETC.

Scene.—Messina.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY

ACT I

Before Leonato's House.

ACT II

SCENE

I. Leonato's Garden.
II. A Street.
III. Hero's Apartment.
IV. Leonato's Garden.

ACT III

SCENE

I. A Church.
II. A Prison.

ACT IV

SCENE

I. Before Leonato's House.
II. A Church.
III. Before Leonato's House.

NOTE

The scene for Act I is also used in Act IV, Scenes I and III, and, as will be seen from the drawing, furnishes most of the setting for Act II, Scenes I and IV. Both are full sets and flanked by Traverses 1 and 3.

Scene II, Act II, Scenes I and II, Act III, and Scene II, Act IV, are all inset scenes occupying the centre of the stage only, the framed pieces as shown in the drawings being " flied " and set in front and the Traverses used as directed. The action takes place within these inset scenes with the exception of Scene I, Act III, where the greater part of the action takes place below it.

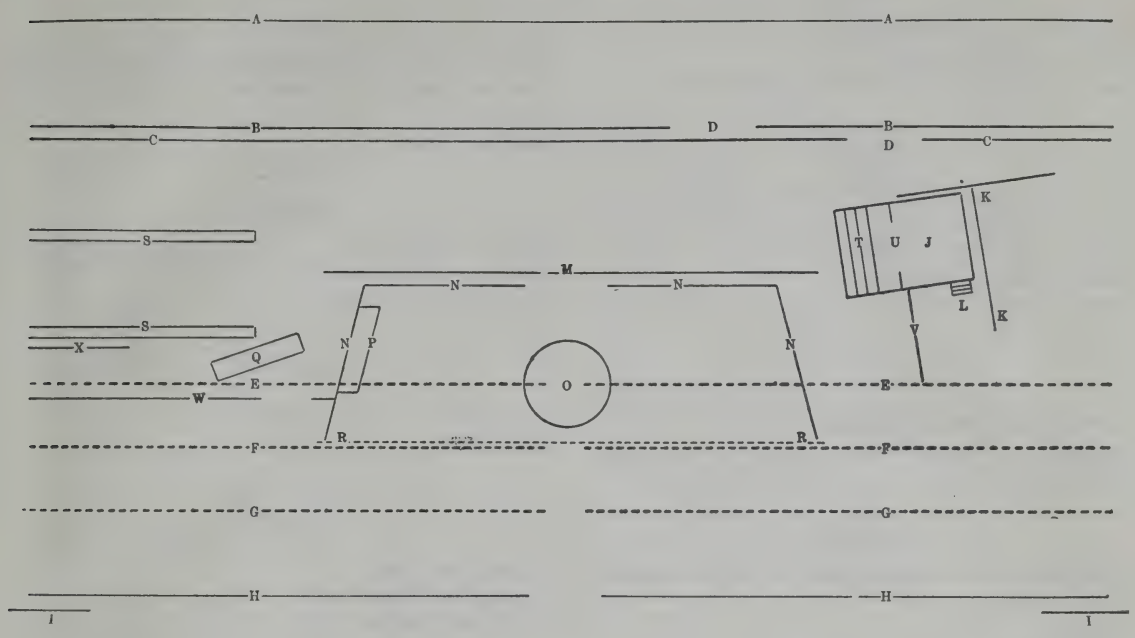
Scene II, Act II (A Street) consists of two framed pieces and a small cloth.

Scene I, Act III (A Church) may be framed by the house-piece of Act I and the same rostrum used.

Scene II, Act III (A Prison) consists of two pieces (which may be braced) and a ceiling border.

Scene II, Act IV may be backed either with a cloth with window transparency as indicated, or by Traverse 3.

PLAN OF STAGE



KEY TO PLAN OF STAGE

AA Cloth, Sea, and distant headlands. Messina. Used in "Before Leonato's House" and "Leonato's Garden." Act I. Act II, Scenes I and IV. Act IV, Scenes I and III.

BB. Balustrade-piece. Act I. Act IV, Scenes I and III.

CC. Hedge-piece. Act II, Scenes I and IV.

DD. Openings in balustrade- and hedge-piece.

EE. Traverse 3. Green.

FF. Traverse 2. Blue-grey.

GG. Traverse 1. Green.

HH. Act Drop or Tableaux Curtains.

II. Proscenium.

J. Rostrum. Act I. Act III, Scene I. Act IV, Scenes I and III.

KK. Interior backings. and tree wings for "Leonato's G

L. Steps from rostrum (off stage),

M. Small street cloth. Act II, Scene II.

NNNN. Position of enclosing hedge. Act II, Scene II.

O. Circular stone seat. Act I. Act II, Scenes I and IV. Act IV, Scenes I and III.

P. Position of second stone seat in "Leonato's Garden."

Q. Position of same seat in "Before Leonato's House."

RR. Flying border Traverse (blue-grey). For use in all inset scenes.

SS. Position for vine-trellis in "Before Leonato's House." This trellis is set C. of enclosing hedge in "Leonato's Garden."

T. Steps to house.

U. House portal.

V. House-piece.

W. Arbour-piece. "Leonato's Garden."

X. Tree-piece. "Leonato's Garden" and "Before Leonato's House."

Note.—Tree wings at KK for "Leonato's Garden."
Sky borders for all exteriors, and drapery, if necessary in front of traverses.

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT I

Sealed letter for Messenger.
Open letter for Leonato.
Masks and dominoes for all in dance.

ACT II

Scene I.

Book for Benedick.
Dagger and stick for Page.
Instruments for Musicians.
Sheets of scrip music.

Scene II.

Staves and pikes for Watch.
Lantern for Second Watch.
Staff for Verges.

Scene III.

Toilet appurtenances and glass for Hero's table.
Bodice with ruff.
Gloves.
Small phial.

Scene IV.

Silver tray.
Flagons and glasses.
Dishes of fruit.

ACT III

Scene I.

The properties for the furnishing of this scene may be as simple or elaborate as circumstances direct.
Book for Friar.

Scene II.

Cushion set on seat.
Book, receptacle for ink, quill pen, for Verges.
Rope for First Watch.

ACT IV

Scene I.

Same as Act I.

Scene II.

Drapery for tomb.
Torches for Attendants.
Scroll for Claudio.

Scene III.

Masks for Ladies.
Paper for Claudio.
Paper for Hero.

FURNITURE PLOT

ACT I

Vine-trellis
Two stone seats—one circular with vase.
Large vase with ornamental tree.

ACT II

Scene I.

Stone seats, same as Act I. On circular change vase for statuette.
Seat for arbour.

Scene II. Nil.

Scene III.

Toilet table.
Chair.
Couch.

Scene IV.

As Scene I.

ACT III

Scene I.

Furnishings for this (Church inset scene) see Property Plot.

Scene II.

Bench on low rostrum.
Table.
Chair.

ACT IV

Scene I.

Same as Act I.

Scene II.

Tomb.

Scene III.

Same as Scene I.

LIGHTING PLOT

ACT I

Full, with check to evening effect towards end of Act as indicated.

ACT II

Scene I.

Full. No change.

Scene II.

Blue for night effect.

Scene III.

Full. No change.

Scene IV.

Full. No change.

ACT III

Scene I.

Soft—ambers, reds, whites. No change.

Scene II.

Half to open. Blues and pinks. Focus behind window to open—take off slowly and flood from R. on to bench and table.

ACT IV.

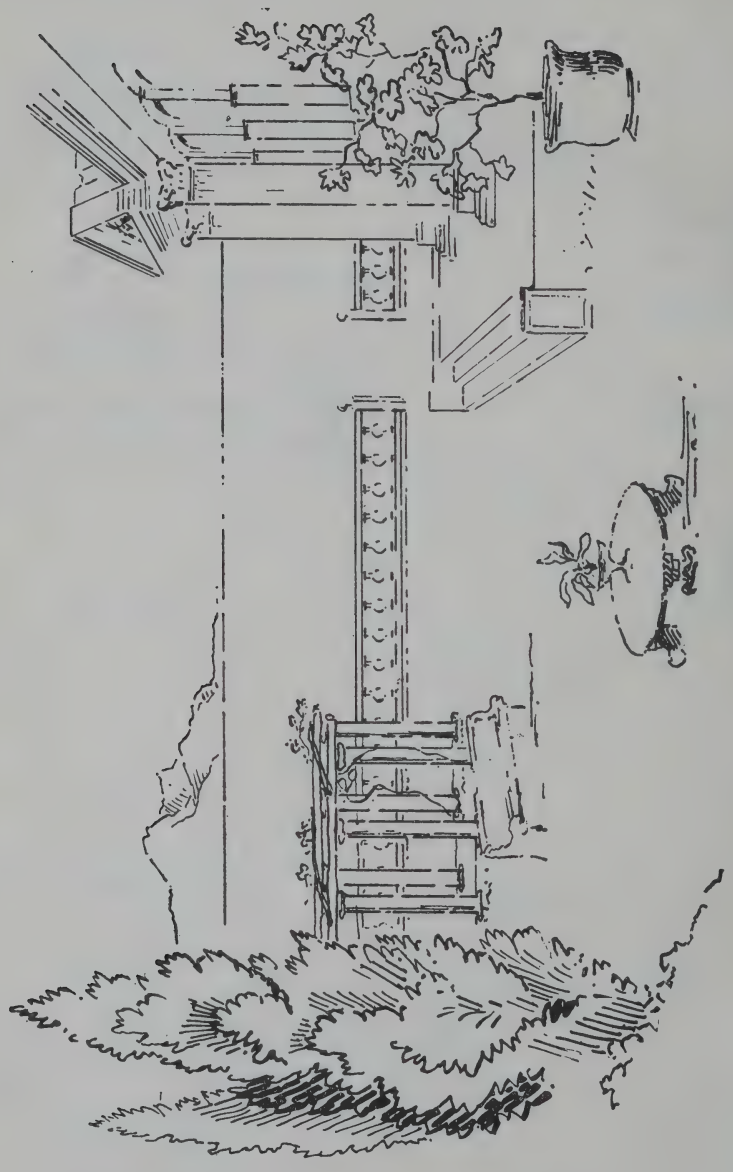
Scene I.

Full. No change.

Scene II.

All down until entrance of torches, then reds and ambers.

If cloth is used with window yellows at back for end of scene.



ACT I.
Before Leonato's House.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

ACT THE FIRST

[SCENE I

Before LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, *and* BEATRICE, *with a* MESSENGER.][1]

LEONATO. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon[2] comes this night to Messina.

MESSENGER. He is very near by this : he was not three leagues off when I left him.

LEONATO. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action ?

MESSENGER. But few of any sort, and none of name.

LEONATO. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

MESSENGER. Much deserved on his part and equally remembered by Don Pedro : he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age [doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion : he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

LEONATO. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

MESSENGER. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him ; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

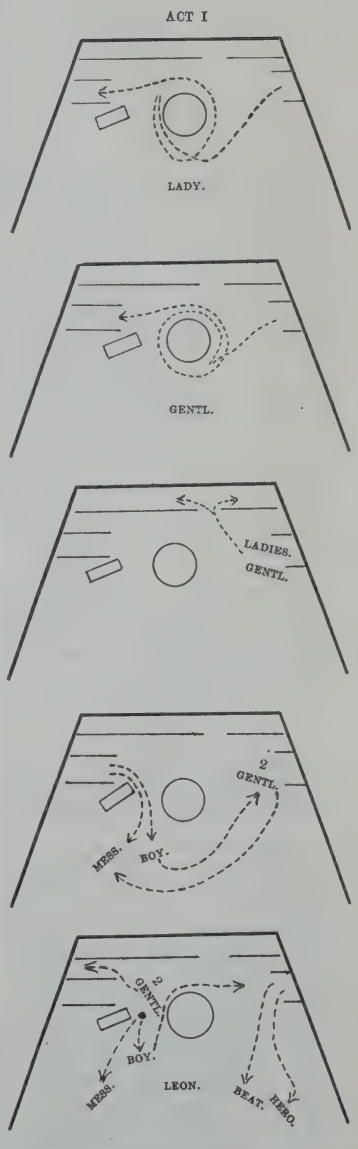
ACT I

Before LEONATO'S *house.*

1] *At the rise of the curtain a young girl (one of* LEONATO'S *guests) runs, laughing, from the house* L.U.E., *followed by a young man, who stands, for a moment, on the steps and then chases her around the seat* C., *and off through the vine-trellis* R.2 E. *Whilst this is happening, other ladies and gentlemen come from the house, joining in the laughter of the two ; they descend the steps and go out by the opening in the balustrade* L.C.—*some to* R., *some to* L. *Two of the gentlemen remain at the foot of the house steps, talking.*

A BOY (*page to* LEONATO) *enters quickly from* R *through vine-trellis, followed by* A MESSENGER. *They come down stage to* R.C. *The* MESSENGER *takes a sealed letter from his wallet and hands it to the* BOY, *who immediately runs in the direction of the house ; the* MESSENGER *standing* R.C., *in a soldierly attitude. The two gentlemen, at the steps, stand aside—humorously,—to allow the page to pass, and the* BOY, *with an air of great importance, doffs his cap to them with a low bow before he ascends the steps to the house. After the* BOY *has gone, the two gentlemen speak to one another, indicating the* MESSENGER—*as though they would question him on news of the war. They approach him. He salutes. The three enter into conversation, going together up stage* R.C. *The gentlemen as if eager for the* MESSENGER'S *news.*

At this point LEONATO *enters from the house. The letter with its broken seal in his hand. He walks slowly to* C. *engrossed by the letter, and stands perusing it. The page re-enters after him, going across at back where he joins the* MESSENGER—*indicating* LEONATO *to him. The two gentlemen exeunt, talking, above the vine-trellis as soon as* LEONATO *gets* C. *The page comes down and stands waiting, above* LEONATO R.C.—*cap in hand. After a moment* LEONATO *looks up and the* BOY, *bowing, ushers the* MESSENGER *forward. During this business,* HERO *and* BEATRICE *together have come from the house to down stage* L.C., *their attention on* LEONATO *and the letter.* LEONATO *dismisses the page before he speaks. The* BOY *passes at back and exits by house.*



[2] *Speaking as he looks up from reading letter*

ACT I

LEONATO. Did he break out into tears?

MESSENGER. In great measure.

LEONATO. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!]

BEATRICE. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no?

MESSENGER. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

LEONATO. What is he that you ask for, niece?

HERO. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

MESSENGER. O, he's returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

BEATRICE. [He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.] I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.

LEONATO. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

MESSENGER. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

BEATRICE. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

MESSENGER. And a good soldier too, lady.

BEATRICE. And a good soldier to a lady: but what is he to a lord?

MESSENGER. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

BEATRICE. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.[1]

LEONATO.[2] You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

BEATRICE. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; [for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known as a reasonable creature.] Who is his companion now?[3] He hath every month a new sworn brother.

MESSENGER. Is't possible?

BEATRICE. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

MESSENGER.[4] I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

BEATRICE. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

MESSENGER. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

BEATRICE. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured.[5]

[MESSENGER. I will hold friends with you, lady.

BEATRICE. Do, good friend.]

LEONATO.[6] You will never run mad, niece.

BEATRICE. No, not till a hot January.

MESSENGER. Don Pedro is approached.[7]

[8] *Enter* DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* BALTHASAR.

[1] BEATRICE *turns up stage a little* L.C.

[2] *Getting closer to* MESSENGER.

[3] *Sits* C. *seat.* HERO *joins her, standing on her left hand—her arm around her shoulders.*

[4] *The* MESSENGER, *as* LEONATO *refers again to his letter, going a pace or two towards seat* R.C., *crosses and stands a little below and to the* R. *of* BEATRICE.

[5] *The* MESSENGER, *with a laugh, turns up stage to balustrade, looking off* R.U.E. *His attention attracted by the approach of* DON PEDRO.

[6] *Putting letter away and approaching* BEATRICE *at seat* C.

[7] BEATRICE *rises and gets* L., *with* HERO *on her* R. LEONATO *turns, taking a backward step which brings him down stage* L.C., *prepared to meet* DON PEDRO.

[8] *The entrances in the order named.* DON PEDRO *advances to* LEONATO, *who bows low, accepting* DON PEDRO'S *outstretched hands. They meet* C. *down stage.* BENEDICK *and* CLAUDIO, *together come down to front of seat* R., BENEDICK *standing above* CLAUDIO. DON JOHN *and* BALTHASAR *remain up* R.C. *They speak to the* MESSENGER, *who has saluted* DON PEDRO *at his entrance*

DON PEDRO. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble : the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

LEONATO. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace : for trouble being gone, comfort should remain ; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.[1]

DON PEDRO. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.[2]

LEONATO.[3] Her mother hath many times told me so.

BENEDICK.[4] Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her ?

LEONATO. Signior Benedick, no ; for then were you a child.

DON PEDRO. You have it full, Benedick : we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady ; for you are like an honourable father.

BENEDICK. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.[5]

BEATRICE.[6] I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick : nobody marks you.

BENEDICK.[7] What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living ?

BEATRICE. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick ? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.[8]

BENEDICK. Then is courtesy a turncoat.[9] But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted : and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart ; for, truly, I love none.

BEATRICE.[10] A dear happiness to women : they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that : I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.[11]

BENEDICK.[12] God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

BEATRICE.[13] Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as you wear.

BENEDICK. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

BEATRICE. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

BENEDICK. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name ; I have done.[14]

BEATRICE. You always end with a jade's trick:[15] I know you of old.[16]

DON PEDRO. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month ; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

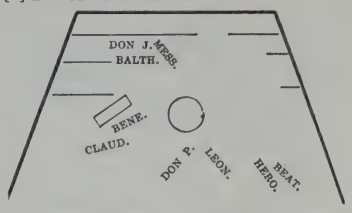
LEONATO. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [*To* DON JOHN.] Let me bid you welcome, my lord : being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

DON JOHN. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

LEONATO. Please it your grace lead on ? [17]

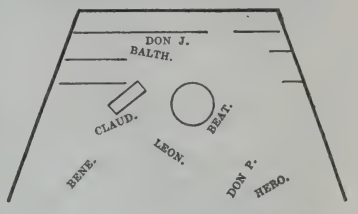
ACT I

[1] *The* MESSENGER *exits* R.U.E.



[2] *Crossing* LEONATO *to* HERO, *who with* BEATRICE *curtsies to* DON PEDRO, BEATRICE *getting up to* L. *of* C. *seat.*

[3] *Getting* R.C. *after* DON PEDRO *has moved.*



[4] *Coming down* R.

[5] DON PEDRO *and* LEONATO *laugh.* LEONATO *joins* DON PEDRO *and* HERO L., *and they go up stage to house steps talking.* CLAUDIO, *who has been looking across fixedly at* HERO, *goes up at the back of seat* C. *and joins group at house.* DON PEDRO *presents him to* LEONATO, *who in turn presents him to* HERO.

[6] BEATRICE *comes down* C. *facing* BENEDICK, *who has kept his position* R.

[7] *Feigning surprise.*

[8] *Turns a step to* L.

[9] *Advancing to her.*

[10] *Turning her head over her shoulder to speak.*

[11] *Turns her head away again.*

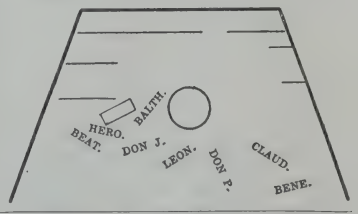
[12] *Speaking over her shoulder.*

[13] *Turning on him.*

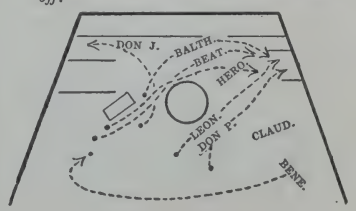
[14] *He turns away from her, going up to* R. *of* C. *seat.*

[15] *Crossing to* R., *turning and facing up stage to* BENEDICK, *who again turns away above seat* C. *to group at house steps.*

[16] DON JOHN *and* BALTHASAR *come down to* R. *of* C. *seat as* DON PEDRO *with* LEONATO *come down to* C. *below seat.* HERO *crosses at the back as* DON PEDRO *is speaking and joins* BEATRICE *at seat* R. BENEDICK *comes down to* L. *with* CLAUDIO, *who follows* HERO *with his eyes.* LEONATO *is on* DON PEDRO'S R. *hand.*



[17] *As* DON PEDRO *and* LEONATO *go up* L. *and exeunt by house the latter accepts* DON PEDRO'S *offered hand.* DON JOHN *turns up to back, and exits* R.U.E., *as the two go into house.* BALTHASAR *follows* DON PEDRO. BEATRICE *and* HERO *cross behind* C. *seat towards the house,* BEATRICE *getting above* HERO—*looks over her shoulder at* BENEDICK, *who has crossed in front to* R. *as* BEATRICE *and* HERO *get clear of seat* R. CLAUDIO *stands gazing at* HERO, *who, being a little in front of* BEATRICE, *meets his eyes. She looks down. As* BEATRICE *looks round at* BENEDICK *he has just completed the cross in front and turned to face* L., *so that they catch each other looking.* BENEDICK, *impatiently, turns away, and* BEATRICE *breaks into a merry laugh. Turning to resume her way with* HERO *she perceives something of* HERO'S *embarrassment—looks at* CLAUDIO—*stops in her laughter—looks again at* HERO *and then, putting her arm round her, laughs more merrily, and the two go up the steps together. At the last moment she takes another furtive look at* BENEDICK, *who has ventured to do the same. He, again, turns quickly away up* R., *and she, with an exclamation, laughs still louder and takes* HERO *off.*



ACT I

DON PEDRO. Your hand, Leonato ; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all except* BENEDICK *and* CLAUDIO.

CLAUDIO.[1] Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato ?

BENEDICK.[2] I noted her not ; but I looked on her.

CLAUDIO. Is she not a modest young lady ?

BENEDICK.[3] Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement ; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex ?

CLAUDIO. No ; I pray thee speak in sober judgement.

BENEDICK.[4] Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise and too little for a great praise : only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome ; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

CLAUDIO.[5] Thou thinkest I am in sport : I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

BENEDICK.[6] Would you buy her, that you inquire after her ?

CLAUDIO. Can the world buy such a jewel ?

BENEDICK.[7] Yea, and a case to put it into.[8] But speak you this with a sad brow ? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder and Vulcan a rare carpenter ? [9] Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song ?

CLAUDIO. In mine eyes she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

BENEDICK.[10] I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter : there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you ?

CLAUDIO. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

BENEDICK.[11] Is't come to this ?[12] In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion ? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again ? [13] Go to, i' faith ; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it and sigh away Sundays. Look ; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.[14]

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

DON PEDRO. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's ?

BENEDICK.[15] I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

DON PEDRO. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

BENEDICK. You hear, Count Claudio : I can be secret as a dumb man ; I would have you think so ; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With who ? now that is your grace's part. Mark how short his answer is ;—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

CLAUDIO. If this were so, so were it uttered.[16]

BENEDICK. Like the old tale, my lord : " it is not so, nor 'twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so."

CLAUDIO. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

DON PEDRO. Amen, if you love her ; for the lady is very well worthy.

CLAUDIO. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

DON PEDRO. By my troth, I speak my thought.

[1] *Standing at foot of steps and looking after* HERO *; then, as he speaks, coming down* L.C.

[2] *Walking up and down stage* R., *ruffled at* BEATRICE'S *laughter.*

[3] *Advancing to* CLAUDIO, C.

[4] *Flinging himself on to seat* C., *stretching out his legs and leaning back against the stone vase.*

[5] *Standing by seat on* BENEDICK'S L. *hand.*

[6] *Taking more interest in his boots than the question as he carelessly raises each foot, crossing and recrossing his outstretched legs as he does so.*

[7] *In the same tone.*

[8] *With a little more interest.*

[9] *Looking up at* CLAUDIO, *but keeping his easy attitude.*

[10] *Raising his body and drawing in his legs—affecting surprise.*

[11] *Rising.*

[12] *Turns* R.

[13] *Back again to face* CLAUDIO.

[14] *He crosses* CLAUDIO *and gets up* L.C. *as* DON PEDRO *comes down house steps. He bows to* DON PEDRO, *who crosses him and comes* C. *as he speaks.*

[15] *Dropping down* L.

[16] R.C.

ACT I

CLAUDIO. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

BENEDICK. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

CLAUDIO. That I love her, I feel.[1]

DON PEDRO. That she is worthy, I know.

BENEDICK. That I neither feel how she should be loved nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.[2]

DON PEDRO.[3] Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

CLAUDIO.[4] And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

BENEDICK. That a woman conceived me, I thank her;[5] that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

DON PEDRO. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

BENEDICK. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen and hang me up at the door of a wine-house for the sign of blind Cupid.[6]

DON PEDRO. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

BENEDICK.[7] If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me;[8] and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

DON PEDRO. Well, as time shall try:
"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."

BENEDICK. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign "Here you may see Benedick the married man."

[CLAUDIO. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.]

DON PEDRO. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

BENEDICK. I look for an earthquake too, then.

DON PEDRO. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

BENEDICK. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you——[9]

CLAUDIO.[10] To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it,——

DON PEDRO. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

BENEDICK.[11] Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither:[12] ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you.[13] [*Exit.*

CLAUDIO. My liege, your highness now may do me good.[14]

DON PEDRO.[15] My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn

[1] *Going* R.

[2] *Turns up stage* L.

[3] *Sitting up stage end of seat* R.

[4] *Standing down stage end of seat* R.

[5] *Working down to* C, *facing* DON PEDRO.

[6] *Moves away to* L.

[7] *Returning to* L.C.

[8] *Turns up stage again, and then, speaking, comes to* C.

[9] *Bows and is turning to house. Stops.*

[10] *Moving to* R. *of* C. *seat.*

[11] *Up* L.

[12] *Up steps of house.*

[13] *Bows again and goes out.*

[14] DON PEDRO *rises as* CLAUDIO *speaks.*

[15] *Taking* CLAUDIO *by his right arm and walking with him* L.

ACT I

Any hard lesson that may do thee good.[1]

CLAUDIO. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

DON PEDRO. No child but Hero; she's his only heir.[2]
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

CLAUDIUS. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

DON PEDRO.[3] Thou wilt be like a lover presently
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
And I will break with her and with her father
And thou shalt have her.[4] Was't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

CLAUDIO. How sweetly you do minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

DON PEDRO. What need the bridge much broader than the flood? [5]
[6] The fairest grant is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.[7]
I know we shall have revelling to-night:
I will assume thy part in some disguise
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio,
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale;
Then after to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*[8]

[1] *At* L. CLAUDIO *faces* DON PEDRO, *who places both his hands upon his shoulders.*

[2] *Taking his hands away and leaning familiarly upon him.*

[3] *Turning laughingly away to* C.

[4] *Returning to* CLAUDIO.

[5] *Turning up* L.C

[6] *Facing down stage to* CLAUDIO.

[7] CLAUDIO *advances up stage to* DON PEDRO'S L. *hand.*

[8] L.U.E. *behind house.*

[9] *This scene is omitted. Some of the lines being transferred to a later moment in the Act. The action continues to the entrance of* DON JOHN *and* CONRADE.

[SCENE II [9]

A room in LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO, *meeting.*]

[LEONATO. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? hath he provided this music?

ANTONIO. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

LEONATO. Are they good?

ANTONIO. As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it.

LEONATO. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

ANTONIO. A good sharp fellow : I will send for him ; and question him yourself.

LEONATO. No, no ; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself ; but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Enter* ATTENDANTS.] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend ; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III [1]

The same.]

Enter DON JOHN *and* CONRADE.[2]

CONRADE. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad ?

DON JOHN. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds ; therefore the sadness is without limit.

CONRADE. You should hear reason.

DON JOHN. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it ?

CONRADE. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

DON JOHN. [I wonder that thou, being, as thou sayest thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am : I must be sad when I have cause and smile at no man's jests, eat when I have stomach and wait for no man's leisure, sleep when I am drowsy and tend on no man's business, laugh when I am merry and claw no man in his humour.

CONRADE. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment.] You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace ; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself : it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

DON JOHN. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any : [in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain.] I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog ; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite ; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking : in the meantime let me be that I am and seek not to alter me.

CONRADE. Can you make no use of your discontent ?

DON JOHN. I make all use of it, for I use it only.
Who comes here ? [3]

Enter BORACHIO.[4]

What news, Borachio ?

BORACHIO. [I came yonder from a great supper : the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato ; and] I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.[5]

DON JOHN.[6] Will it serve for any model to build mischief on ? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness ?

BORACHIO.[7] Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

DON JOHN. Who ? the most exquisite Claudio ? [8]

BORACHIO. Even he.

[1] *The action continues in the same scene.*

[2] DON JOHN *enters from* R.U.E. *He passes across to opening in balustrade and stands as though watching the exit of his brother.* CONRADE *follows, standing* R.C.

[3] *Looking off* L.

[4] *From behind balustrade* L.

[5] *He points* L. *as though indicating the source of his information.*

[6] *Coming down* C.

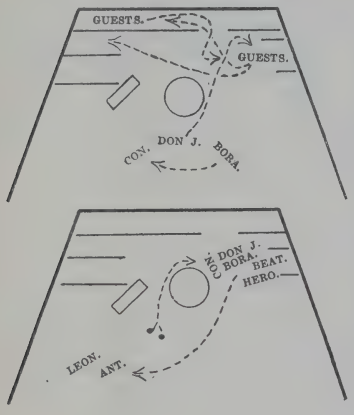
[7] *Following to* DON JOHN'S L. *hand.*

[8] *With a greater interest.*

ACT I

[1] *Again pointing behind him to* L. *in the direction of* DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

[2] *He crosses in front of* BORACHIO *towards house; as he does so several ladies and gentlemen in dominoes and masks come down the steps; he stands aside for them. At the same moment, other ladies and gentlemen enter from* R. *behind the balustrade and come through the opening. All meet and exchange jests and laughter. Those who have entered from the* R. *separate gradually and go into house, the maskers crossing to* R. *and going out.* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO, *who have remained together down* R.C., *now join* DON JOHN *above the steps, as* ANTONIO *and* LEONATO *come from the house busy in conversation and pass extreme* R. HERO *and* BEATRICE *appear in the house doorway, wearing dominoes and carrying masks.*



DON JOHN. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

BORACHIO. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

DON JOHN. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

BORACHIO. [Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference]. I [whipt me behind the arras; and there] heard it agreed upon that the prince should woo Hero for himself,[1] and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

DON JOHN. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

CONRADE. To the death, my lord.

DON JOHN. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?[2]

BORACHIO. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

[ACT THE SECOND [1]

SCENE I

A hall in LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*] [2]

LEONATO.[3] Was not Count John here at supper.[4]

ANTONIO. I saw him not.

BEATRICE.[5] How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.[6]

HERO. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

BEATRICE. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick : the one is too like an image and says nothing and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

LEONATO. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,——

BEATRICE. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good-will.

LEONATO. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

[ANTONIO. In faith, she's too curst.

BEATRICE. Too curst is more than curst : I shall lessen God's sending that way ; for it is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns ;" but to a cow too curst he sends none.

LEONATO. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

BEATRICE. Just, if he send me no husband ;] for the which blessing I am upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face : I had rather lie in the woollen.

LEONATO. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

BEATRICE. What should I do with him ? dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting gentlewoman ? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man : and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him ; [7] [therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

LEONATO. Well, then, go you into hell ?

BEATRICE. No, but to the gate ; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven ; here's no place for you maids :" so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens ; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.]

ANTONIO [*to* HERO]. Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

BEATRICE.[8] Yes, faith ; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy and say, "Father, as it please you." [9] But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say, "Father, as it please me." [10]

LEONATO. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.[11]

BEATRICE.[12] Not till God make men of some other metal than

ACT I

[1] *The action continues—without break or change of scene.*

[2] *The lines from Scene II between* ANTONIO *and* LEONATO *are spoken here—as follows :—*

ANTONIO. But, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dreamt not of. The Prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in the orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine : the Prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance ; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

LEONATO. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this ?

ANTONIO. A good sharp fellow : I will send for him, and question him yourself.

LEONATO. No, no ; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself :— but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it.

[3] ANTONIO *goes to* HERO *at the house. She comes down steps—followed by* BEATRICE. DON JOHN *bows to* HERO *and* BEATRICE *with reserve, and then passes up steps, followed by* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

[4] HERO *and* ANTONIO *come down* L., *talking.*

[5] *Who has turned to look at* DON JOHN *as he passes out.*

[6] C.

[7] *With a rippling augh she passes in front of* LEONATO *to* R. *and turning up towards* R. *of* C. *seat is arrested by* ANTONIO'S *words to* HERO.

[8] *She comes to* L.C. *facing* HERO, *who is above and* R. *of* ANTONIO.

[9] *She bobs demurely—with her finger in her mouth.*

[10] *A deep curtsy—and a silvery laugh.*

[11] *As* BEATRICE *is rising and through her laugh.*

[12] *Turning towards* LEONATO

ACT I

[1] *Up stage a little—and returning.*

[2] *Standing on* HERO'S R.

earth.[1] Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.[2]

LEONATO. Daughter, remember [what I told you:] if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

BEATRICE. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

LEONATO. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

BEATRICE. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

LEONATO. The revellers are entering, brother: make good room.

[*All put on their masks.*[3]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others, masked.*[4]

DON PEDRO. Lady, will you walk about with your friend? [5]

HERO. So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

DON PEDRO. With me in your company?

HERO. I may say so, when I please.

DON PEDRO. And when please you to say so?

HERO. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

DON PEDRO. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

HERO. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

DON PEDRO. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Drawing her aside.*[6]

BALTHASAR.[7] Well, I would you did like me.

MARGARET. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

BALTHASAR. Which is one?

MARGARET. I say my prayers aloud.

BALTHASAR. I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen.

MARGARET. God match me with a good dancer!

BALTHASAR. Amen.

MARGARET. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! [Answer, clerk.

BALTHASAR. No more words: the clerk is answered.

URSULA. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

ANTONIO. At a word, I am not.

URSULA. I know you by the waggling of your head.

ANTONIO. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

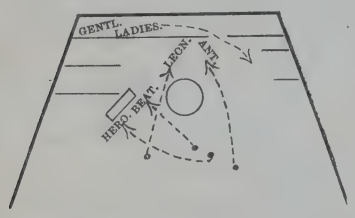
URSULA. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

ANTONIO. At a word, I am not.

URSULA. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.]

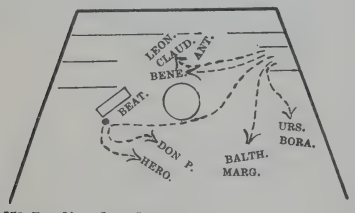
[3] *Music—slow measure—for dance.* BEATRICE *and* HERO *cross and sit seat* R.

[4] *From the house. The ladies and gentlemen who lately passed out on the* R. *return.* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO *go up to back* L.C.



DON PEDRO *crosses front of seat* C. *to* HERO, *who rises, he leads her to down stage, they dance, talking as they move.* BENEDICK *during this crosses back of seat* C. *to* BEATRICE R., *watching her.* CLAUDIO *joins* ANTONIO *and* LEONATO *at back and, from behind his visor, watches* HERO.

BALTHASAR *and* MARGARET, BORACHIO *and* URSULA *dance together* L.—*guests dance* C. *at back.*



[5] *Leading her down* C.

[6] *Up stage* L.

[7] *With* MARGARET *down* L. *After speaking they get up stage.*

BEATRICE.[1] Will you not tell me who told you so?

BENEDICK. No, you shall pardon me.

BEATRICE. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

BENEDICK. Not now.

BEATRICE. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the "Hundred Merry Tales:"—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.[2]

BENEDICK. What's he?

BEATRICE. I am sure you know him well enough.

BENEDICK. Not I, believe me.

BEATRICE. Did he never make you laugh?

BENEDICK. I pray you, what is he?

BEATRICE. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. [I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.]

BENEDICK. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

BEATRICE. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. We must follow the leaders.[3]

BENEDICK. In every good thing.[4]

BEATRICE. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.[5]

[*Dance. Then exeunt all except* DON JOHN, BORACHIO, *and* CLAUDIO.

DON JOHN.[6] Sure my brother is amorous on Hero and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her and but one visor remains.

BORACHIO. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

DON JOHN.[7] Are not you Signior Benedick?

CLAUDIO. You know me well; I am he.

DON JOHN. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her: she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

CLAUDIO. How know you he loves her?

DON JOHN. I heard him swear his affection.

BORACHIO.[8] So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

DON JOHN. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* DON JOHN *and* BORACHIO.[9]

CLAUDIO. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
[10] 'Tis certain so: [11] the prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero! [12]

Re-enter BENEDICK.[13]

ACT I

[1] BEATRICE *has been led forward by* BENEDICK *to* C. *They speak as they dance.*

[2] *They finish dancing and face each other. The other dancers begin to move out by exits* L. DON PEDRO *leaving* HERO *at house, she goes up steps and exits, he turning to and following with* LEONATO.

[3] *Resuming the measure of the dance.*

[4] *Taking her hand.*

[5] *They exeunt by house.*

[6] *Who has remained at the back of the dancers, taking no part with them, watches* DON PEDRO *and* LEONATO *go out together and now speaks from* L.C., BORACHIO *standing on his* L. CLAUDIO *has seated himself, as the others pass out, on the seat* R.

[7] *Crossing in front to* R.C.

[8] *Who has followed* DON JOHN.

[9] *Into house.*

[10] *Rises.*

[11] *Turns to* R. *of* C. *seat—looking towards house.*

[12] *Turns to go* R. *by vine-trellis. Stops at* BENEDICK'S *voice.*

[13] *From house. Speaking on the steps.*

ACT I

BENEDICK. Count Claudio ?

CLAUDIO.[1] Yea, the same.

BENEDICK. Come, will you go with me ? [2]

CLAUDIO. Whither ?

BENEDICK.[3] Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of ? about your neck, like an usurer's chain ? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf ? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

CLAUDIO.[4] I wish him joy of her.

BENEDICK.[5] Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier : so they sell bullocks.[6] But did you think the prince would have served you thus ?

CLAUDIO.[7] I pray you, leave me.

BENEDICK. Ho![8] now you strike like the blind man : 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

CLAUDIO. If it will not be, I'll leave you.[9] [*Exit.*

BENEDICK.[10] Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges.[11] But that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha ? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea,[12] but so I am apt to do myself wrong ; I am not so reputed: [13] it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.[14]

Re-enter DON PEDRO.[15]

DON PEDRO. Now, signior, where's the count ? did you see him ?

BENEDICK.[16] Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren : I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady ; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

DON PEDRO. To be whipped! What's his fault ?

BENEDICK. The flat transgression of a schoolboy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

DON PEDRO. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression ? The transgression is in the stealer.

BENEDICK. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too ; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

DON PEDRO. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.[17]

BENEDICK. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

DON PEDRO. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you : the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

BENEDICK.[18] O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her ; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her.[19] She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw ; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs : if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her ; she would infect to the north star.[20] I would not marry her,

[1] *Without turning.*

[2] *As he comes to* C. *Speaking jestingly*

[3] *In the same tone.*

[4] *A step down to front of seat* R.

[5] *Approaching* CLAUDIO.

[6] *Changing his tone.*

[7] *Further to* R.

[8] *Stepping back.*

[9] *Turning up stage and going by exit* R.U.E.

[10] *Following up stage after* CLAUDIO'S *exit and looking after him.*

[11] *Comes down* R.C. *laughing. Throws himself, still laughing quietly in apparent enjoyment of* CLAUDIO'S *discomfiture, on to seat* R., *up stage end, and puts up his legs full length. A moment and, his thoughts changing, he ceases laughing, then slowly puts his legs down, sitting up in reflection.*

[12] *Rises. Coming to* C.

[13] BEATRICE *entering quickly from house is checked by seeing* BENEDICK *and pauses.* BENEDICK'S *back is to her, he does not see her.* BEATRICE—*as if seeking someone, gathers her dress and runs to opening in balustrade, looking out* L. *and* R. *Then looking off* R. *runs out* R.U.E. BENEDICK *continues speaking.*

[14] *Crosses to* R. *Speaking in a lighter tone.*

[15] *From house. Speaking as he comes down to front of seat* C.

[16] *Advancing to* DON PEDRO.

[17] *Sitting* C. *seat.*

[18] *Crossing down* L.C.

[19] *To* DON PEDRO'S L.

[20] *Across* DON PEDRO *to* R.C., *turning to face him again.*

though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed : she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too.[1] Come, talk not of her : you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her ; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary ; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither ; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror and perturbation follows her.[2]

Enter CLAUDIO AND BEATRICE.

DON PEDRO. Look, here she comes.[3]

HERO *and* LEONATO *enter from house.*

BENEDICK.[4] Will your grace command me any service to the world's end ? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on ; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia, bring you the length of Prester John's foot, fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard, do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me ?

DON PEDRO. None, but to desire your good company.

BENEDICK. O Heaven, sir, here's a dish I love not : I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [*Exit.*[5]

DON PEDRO.[6] Come, lady, come ; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.[7]

BEATRICE.[8] Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile ; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one : marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.[9]

[DON PEDRO. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

BEATRICE. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools].[10] I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

DON PEDRO. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad ?

CLAUDIO. Not sad, my lord.

DON PEDRO How then ? sick ?

CLAUDIO Neither, my lord.

BEATRICE. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well ; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.[11]

DON PEDRO. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true ; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false.[12] Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won : I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained : name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy! [13]

LEONATO. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes : his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

BEATRICE.[14] Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

CLAUDIO. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy : I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours : I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange.

BEATRICE.[15] Speak, cousin ; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.[16]

DON PEDRO. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

BEATRICE. Yea, my lord ; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.[17] My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

ACT I

[1] *Up stage and back.*

[2] BEATRICE *enters with* CLAUDIO R.U.E. *She is talking to him animatedly. They remain up stage.*

[3] *Rising, looking* R.U.E.

[4] *After a rapid glance over his shoulder. He respectfully touches* DON PEDRO'S *right arm, inducing him apart to down* R. LEONATO *and* HERO *remain by house steps.*

[5] *To* R., *down stage.*

[6] *Extreme* R., *turning after* BENEDICK *has gone.*

[7] *As* DON PEDRO *speaks to her* BEATRICE *advances down stage to* R.C.

[8] *Speaking lightly with laughter in her voice.*

[9] CLAUDIO *crosses to* C. *at back, his eyes on* HERO.

[10] *Looking up* C. CLAUDIO *comes down* L. *of* C. *seat.*

[11] LEONATO *and* HERO *come down stage* L., HERO *on* LEONATO'S R. *hand.*

[12] *Crossing in front of* CLAUDIO, *taking* HERO'S *right hand and advancing her to* CLAUDIO—*so that he is between and a little above them.*

[13] *Passes above* HERO *to* LEONATO'S R. *hand.*

[14] *Behind* CLAUDIO—*in his ear.*

[15] *Behind* HERO—*in like manner. Laughing.*

[16] CLAUDIO *leads* HERO *a little* R. *Turning her so that she stands* R. *of and facing him—he takes her hands and presses them to his heart—whispering to her.*

[17] HERO, *who is looking down, raises her eyes to* CLAUDIO *and appears to speak to him.*

ACT I

CLAUDIO. And so she doth, cousin.[1]

BEATRICE. Good Lord, for alliance![2] Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt ; I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

DON PEDRO. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

BEATRICE. I would rather have one of your father's getting.[3] Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you ? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

DON PEDRO. Will you have me, lady ?[4]

BEATRICE. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days : your grace is too costly to wear every day.[5] But, I beseech your grace, pardon me : I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

DON PEDRO. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you ; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

BEATRICE. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried ; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.[6] Cousins, God give you joy!

LEONATO. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of ?

BEATRICE. I cry you mercy, uncle.[7] By your grace's pardon.

[*Exit.*

DON PEDRO.[8] By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

LEONATO. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord : she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then ; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing.

DON PEDRO. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

LEONATO. O, by no means ; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

DON PEDRO. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

LEONATO. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

DON PEDRO. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church ?

CLAUDIO.[9] To-morrow, my lord : time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

LEONATO.[10] Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night ; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

DON PEDRO. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing : but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us.[11] I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labours ; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three[12] will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

LEONATO. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

CLAUDIO. And I, my lord.

DON PEDRO. And you too, gentle Hero ?

HERO.[13] I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

DON PEDRO. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him ; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour and confirmed honesty.[14] I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick ; and I, with your two helps,[15] will so practise on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer : his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.[16]

Exeunt.[17]

[1] *Looking over his shoulder.*

[2] CLAUDIO *leads* HERO *up to behind seat* C. BREATRICE *crosses* R. DON PEDRO C. LEONATO L.

[3] *Making a slight curtsy.*

[4] *Throwing open both arms.*

[5] *Laughs.*

[6] *Turns up to* HERO *and* CLAUDIO.

[7] *Going quickly behind* CLAUDIO *and* HERO *to up* L.C. *in direction of house. Turns, makes a sweeping curtsy to* DON PEDRO, *who bows to her ; she exits by house.*

[8] *Up* L.C., *looking after* BEATRICE. *Commence to check lights*

[9] CLAUDIO, *leaving* HERO, *comes to* DON PEDRO C., *on his* R. HERO *goes over to seat* R.

[10] L.C., *advances to* DON PEDRO'S L.

[11] *Placing either hand on the shoulders of the two men.*

[12] *Looking round towards* HERO, *who looks up at him, smiling.*

[13] *Advancing to* CLAUDIO'S R., *resting on his shoulder and regarding* DON PEDRO *over it.*

[14] *To* HERO.

[15] *To* LEONATO *and* CLAUDIO.

[16] *He turns up stage on his* L. *hand,* LEONATO *joining him.*

[17] *Into house. Talking earnestly and laughing.*

CLAUDIO *follows up a few steps and stands* L.C. *until a moment after they have gone. He then turns to* HERO, *holding out both his hands—she advances to him and takes them with both of hers. He raises them to his lips and kisses them passionately. Putting his right arm round her he leads her up to the house steps. They pause. He takes her in his arms and kisses her—then, turning, they go out by the balustrade and slowly, in close embrace, pass out at back to* R.

ACT I

[SCENE II [1]

The same.]

Enter DON JOHN *and* BORACHIO.[2]

DON JOHN. It is so ; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

BORACHIO. Yea, my lord ;[3] but I can cross it.

DON JOHN. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me : I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage ?

BORACHIO. Not honestly, my lord ; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

DON JOHN. Show me briefly how.

BORACHIO. I think I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

DON JOHN. I remember.

BORACHIO. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

DON JOHN. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage ?

BORACHIO. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother ; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to such a one as Hero.

DON JOHN. What proof shall I make of that ?

BORACHIO. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue ?

DON JOHN. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.[4]

BORACHIO.[5] Go, then ; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone : tell them that you know that Hero loves me ; [intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus.] They will scarcely believe this without trial : offer them instances ; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Borachio ; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,—for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent,—and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown.

DON JOHN. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.[6]

BORACHIO.[7] Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.[8]

DON JOHN.[9] I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*[10]

[1] *No change of scene. The action continues.*

[2] *From house.* DON JOHN *coming first—goes to opening in balustrade and looks after* HERO *and* CLAUDIO. *This entrance should be timed so that* DON JOHN *appears on house steps before the figures of* CLAUDIO *and* HERO *are quite out of sight.* BORACHIO *remains on the house steps for a moment.*

[3] *A pause, as* DON JOHN *comes down and sits on* L. *side of* C. *seat. Then* BORACHIO *comes from the steps to behind* DON JOHN *and says,* "But I can cross it."

[4] *Rises—going to* R.C.

[5] *Following to* DON JOHN'S L. *hand.*

[6] BORACHIO *bows low in evil satisfaction. He then crosses up to* L.C.

[7] *Pausing and turning.*

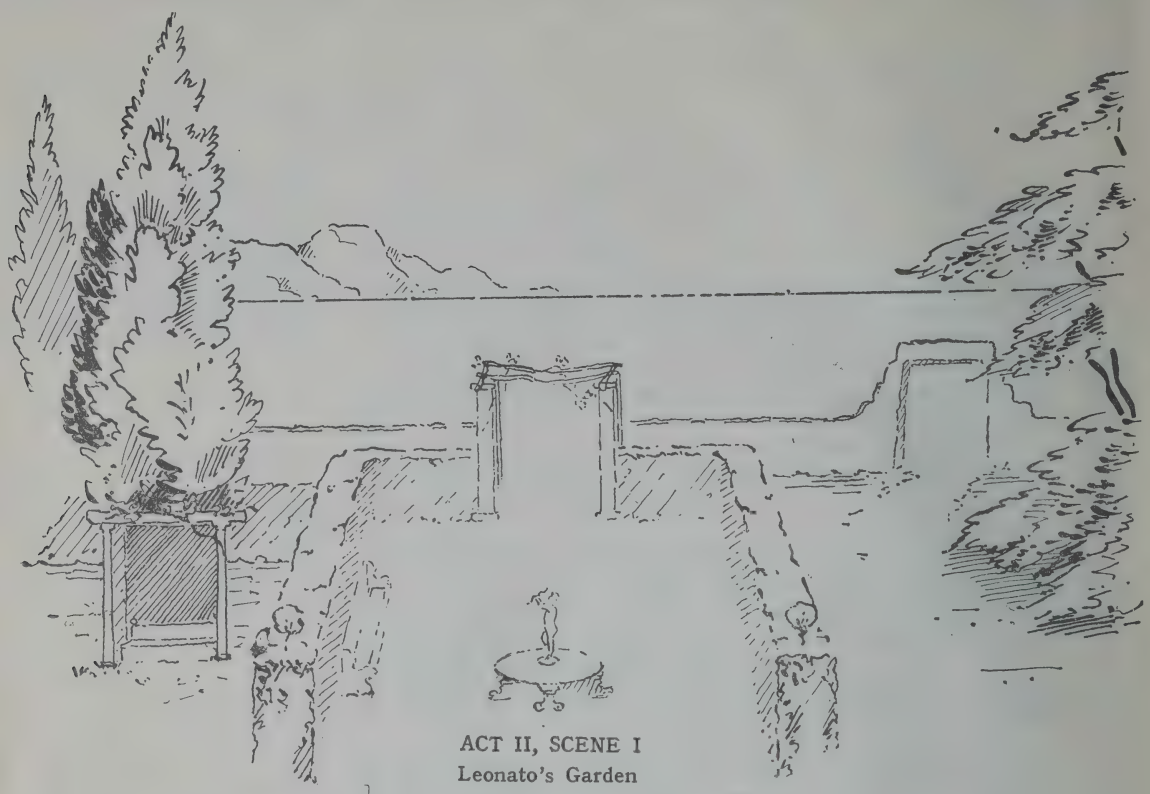
[8] *He goes out behind house. After he has gone,* DON JOHN *sits in reflection on the seat* R.

All lights are now down to evening effect on sea-cloth.

HERO *and* CLAUDIO *return slowly from* R. HERO *in* CLAUDIO'S *arms. They pause at steps for a last embrace. Then go into the house.*

[9] *Rises after* HERO *and* CLAUDIO *have gone and crosses to foot of steps. Then speaks.*

[10] *A slow curtain.*



ACT II, SCENE I
Leonato's Garden

ACT II
SCENE I
LEONATO'S *garden.*

[1] *At the rise of the curtain* BENEDICK *is discovered stretched in an easy attitude on the stone seat* C., *reading from a book. On his* L. *hand* LEONATO'S *page is seated cross-legged upon the ground, fashioning a stick with his dagger.*

Before the curtain—and for a moment after—the music of "Sigh No More, Ladies," and then BALTHASAR *is heard singing in the distance at back. He sings one verse.* BENEDICK *becomes restless at the sound of his voice—lowers his book—listens—shifts his position—attempts to read again—bangs his book down on the seat, rises and impatiently turns up to the vine-trellis, and then comes back and re-seats himself, speaking to the* BOY *as* BALTHASAR'S *voice finishes.*

[2] *Rises, crossing to* R.
[3] *Turning to face the* BOY.
[4] *Looking up* C.
[5] *Crossing in front to* L.
[6] *Spreaking as he returns to his former position at seat* C.
[7] *Sitting.*
[8] *Putting the question to the* BOY.
[9] *Looking in front of him and shaking his head.*
[10] *The* BOY *laughs impudently.* BENEDICK *turns to him, speaking decisively.*
[11] *Rises to* R. *and turns.*

[SCENE III

LEONATO'S *orchard.*

Enter BENEDICK.]

[BENEDICK. Boy!

Enter BOY.

BOY. Signior?

BENEDICK. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

BOY. I am here already, sir.

BENEDICK. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit* BOY.] [1] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: [2] and such a man is Claudio.[3] I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; [4] and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe.[5] I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet.[6] He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; [7] his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes.[8] May I be so converted and see with these eyes? [9] I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; [10] but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool.[11] One woman is

fair, yet I am well;[1] another is wise, yet I am well ; another virtuous, yet I am well ; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain ; wise, or I'll none;[2] virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her ; mild, or come not near me ; noble, or not I for an angel ; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be[3] of what colour it please God.[4] Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*[5]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO.[6]

DON PEDRO.[7] Come, shall we hear this music ? [8]

CLAUDIO. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony! [9]

DON PEDRO.[10] See you where Benedick hath hid himself ?

CLAUDIO.[11] O, very well, my lord : the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

DON PEDRO.[12] Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.[13]

BALTHASAR.[14] O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

DON PEDRO. It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his own perfection.[15]
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

[BALTHASAR. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing ;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos,
Yet will he swear he loves.]

DON PEDRO. Now, pray thee, come ;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

BALTHASAR. Note this before my notes ;
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.[16]

[DON PEDRO. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks ;
Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. [*Air.*

BENEDICK. [Now, divine air] now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies ? [Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.]

THE SONG.

BALTHASAR. *Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,*
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never :
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy :
Then sigh not so, etc.

DON PEDRO. By my troth, a good song.

BALTHASAR. And an ill singer, my lord.

[DON PEDRO. Ha, no, no, faith ; thou singest well enough for a shift.]

BENEDICK. An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him : and I pray God his bad voice bode no

ACT II, SC. I

[1] *The* BOY *nods his head in mock gravity as* BENEDICK *enumerates the points.*

[2] *The* BOY *ticks off upon his fingers, but as* BENEDICK *speaks quickly he almost loses count.*

[3] BENEDICK *pauses, and the* BOY *holds up his index finger ready to place it—* BENEDICK *advances, looking down upon the* BOY, *who laughs as he finishes his sentence.*

[4] *Looking up stage.*

[5] *Picks up his book and goes* R., *to arbour behind the hedge. The* BOY *rises and gets up* L.C., *doffing his cap as* DON PEDRO *enters. After which he joins* BALTHASAR *and musicians in the vine-trellis.*

[6] *They come in laughing amongst themselves as though they have been waiting in anticipation of an opportunity to play the jest on* BENEDICK. *They come from* R., *passing behind the hedge and through the vine-trellis* C. DON PEDRO *and* LEONATO *come to* L. *of* C. *seat.* CLAUDIO *makes signs to them from* R.C. *and then carefully mounts on the stone seat* R, *and looks over the hedge at* BENEDICK. *He signs again to the others, and comes down* R.C.

[7] *Speaking as though the music was an arranged prelude to the deception.*

[8] *Sits* C. *seat.*

[9] *With an assumption of romance—the sentiment obviously directed towards* BENEDICK, *who, hearing, moves impatiently in the arbour and bangs his book.*

[10] *Catching* CLAUDIO *by the sleeve and whispering.*

[11] *Indicating the presence of* BENEDICK *with his thumb over his shoulder.*

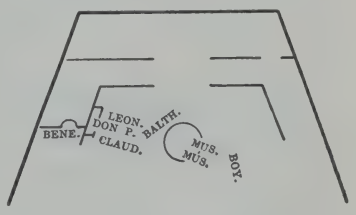
[12] *Raising his voice.*

[13] BALTHASAR *comes from the vine-trellis to* R.C.

[14] *The* BOY *comes from vine-trellis with the two* MUSICIANS. *He carries their music* C.

[15] *Rises and, taking* LEONATO'S *arm, leads him to* R. *and over to seat.* CLAUDIO *and* LEONATO *sit on either side of him,* LEONATO *up stage. As* DON PEDRO *and* LEONATO *get* R. *the* BOY *comes to* L.C. *with music, and the two* MUSICIANS *sit with their instruments on* C. *seat—* L. *side. The* BOY *seats himself cross-legged, holding up their music.*

[16] *The* MUSICIANS *commence prelude. One of them, a very old man, stops, and is angry with the* BOY, *who is holding music upside down. During this business,* BENEDICK *speaks, then resumes his book.* BALTHASAR *stands* R.C. *up stage for song.*



ACT II, SC. I

[1] *Reads again.*

[2] BALTHASAR *bows and goes out* C. *to* L., *followed by the* BOY *and the two* MUSICIANS, *who bow to* DON PEDRO *as they leave.*

[3] *Rises, after pantomiming his intention to commence the diversion with* BENEDICK, *to* LEONATO *and* CLAUDIO, *crosses to front of seat* C.

[4] *At the mention of his name* BENEDICK *lowers his book and assumes an upright position.*

[5] *Getting on the seat* R. *and cautiously peeping over the hedge.*

[6] *Getting off the seat, and speaking loudly as he crosses to* DON PEDRO'S R.

[7] *Coming round at back of seat* C. *to* DON PEDRO'S L.

[8] *They all three sit seat* C. CLAUDIO R., LEONATO L., *and* DON PEDRO *between them. They incline their heads to the right, listening. Pause.*

[9] *Rising.*

[10] CLAUDIO *signs* DON PEDRO *and* LEONATO *to cease speaking whilst he goes again to seat* R. *on tiptoe and again looks over the hedge. At the same cue* BENEDICK, *in his amazement, steps out of the arbour.* CLAUDIO, *seeing him moving, hastens back to the other two, whilst* DON PEDRO *asks his question, and signalling them to turn they all three sit with their backs to the* R. *On the* L. *of the* C. *seat,* LEONATO *up stage,* DON PEDRO *in the middle, and* CLAUDIO *down stage. They accomplish this just as* BENEDICK *comes forward and puts his head round the end of the cut hedge* R.C.

[11] *As he sits.*

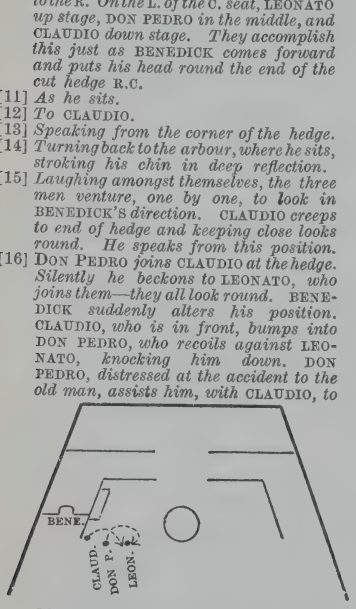
[12] *To* CLAUDIO.

[13] *Speaking from the corner of the hedge.*

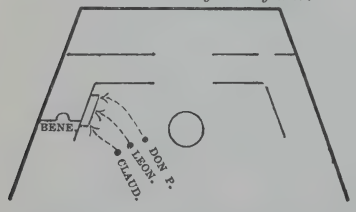
[14] *Turning back to the arbour, where he sits, stroking his chin in deep reflection.*

[15] *Laughing amongst themselves, the three men venture, one by one, to look in* BENEDICK'S *direction.* CLAUDIO *creeps to end of hedge and keeping close looks round. He speaks from this position.*

[16] DON PEDRO *joins* CLAUDIO *at the hedge. Silently he beckons to* LEONATO, *who joins them—they all look round.* BENEDICK *suddenly alters his position.* CLAUDIO, *who is in front, bumps into* DON PEDRO, *who recoils against* LEONATO, *knocking him down.* DON PEDRO, *distressed at the accident to the old man, assists him, with* CLAUDIO, *to*



his feet. They take him to seat R. *All laughing, and nudging one another to make no noise. They sit together.*



[17] *Recovering himself, but still concealing his laughter with difficulty.*

[18] *Wiping the tears of laughter from his eyes.*

[19] *Rising, standing facing seat* R., *and loudly throwing his voice over the hedge.*

[20] BENEDICK *rises.*

[21] BENEDICK *advances and listens behind hedge at back of seat* R.

mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.[1]

DON PEDRO. [Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar?] I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

BALTHASAR. The best I can, my lord.

DON PEDRO. Do so: farewell. [*Exit* BALTHASAR.[2] [3] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick? [4]

[5] CLAUDIO. O, ay: stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.[6] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

LEONATO.[7] No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.[8]

BENEDICK.[9] Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

LEONATO. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it but that she loves him with an enraged affection; it is past the infinite of thought.

DON PEDRO. May be she doth but counterfeit.

CLAUDIO. Faith, like enough.

LEONATO. Counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.[10]

DON PEDRO. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

CLAUDIO.[11] Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

LEONATO. What effects, my lord? She will sit you,[12] you heard my daughter tell you how.

CLAUDIO. She did, indeed.

DON PEDRO. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

LEONATO. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

BENEDICK.[13] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.[14]

CLAUDIO.[15] He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.[16]

DON PEDRO. Hath[17] she made her affection known to Benedick?

LEONATO. No;[18] and swears she never will: that's her torment.

CLAUDIO. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says:[19] "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

LEONATO. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper;[20] [my daughter tells us all.

CLAUDIO. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

LEONATO. O,] when she had writ it and was reading it over, [she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

CLAUDIO. That.

LEONATO. O,] she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her; [21] "I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

CLAUDIO. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; "O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"

LEONATO. She doth indeed; my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself:[1] it is very true.

DON PEDRO. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

CLAUDIO. To what end? He would make but a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.[2]

DON PEDRO. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

CLAUDIO. And she is exceeding wise.

DON PEDRO. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

[LEONATO. O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.]

DON PEDRO. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed all other respects and made her half myself. [I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

LEONATO. Were it good, think you?]

CLAUDIO. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not, and she will die, ere she make her love known, and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

DON PEDRO. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it;[3] [for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

CLAUDIO. He is a very proper man.

DON PEDRO. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

CLAUDIO. Before God! and, in my mind, very wise.

DON PEDRO. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

CLAUDIO. And I take him to be valiant.

DON PEDRO. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

LEONATO. If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter a quarrel with fear and trembling.

DON PEDRO. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make.] Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

CLAUDIO.[4] Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

LEONATO. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.[5]

DON PEDRO. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while.[6] I love Benedick well;[7] and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

LEONATO. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.[8]

CLAUDIO.[9] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

DON PEDRO. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO.[10]

BENEDICK.[11] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly

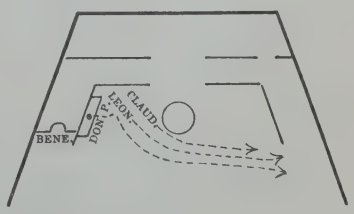
[1] BENEDICK *commences to pace up and down in front of the arbour.*

[2] BENEDICK *pauses.*

[3] BENEDICK *goes back to the arbour.*

[4] *Moves to* R.C. *a little above seat* R.

[5] *Rising to* CLAUDIO'S R. *hand.*
[6] *Rising.*
[7] *Speaking towards* BENEDICK.
[8] DON PEDRO *takes* LEONATO *by the right arm and they pass in front to end of cut hedge* L.C.



[9] *Following.*
[10] L.
[11] *Rising from the arbour and looking round end of hedge. Finding the garden empty he walks slowly to* C. *seat and sits, in deep reflection.*

borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady : it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! [1] why, it must be requited.[2] I hear how I am censured : they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her ; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.[3] I did never think to marry : I must not seem proud : happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair ; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness ; and virtuous ; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it ; and wise, but for loving me; [4] by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.[5] I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage : but doth not the appetite alter ? [6] a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age.[7] Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour ? [8] No, the world must be peopled.[9] When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she's a fair lady : I do spy some marks of love in her.[10]

Enter BEATRICE.[11]

BEATRICE. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

BENEDICK.[12] Fair Beatrice, [13] I thank you for your pains.

BEATRICE.[14] I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me : if it had been painful, I would not have come.[15]

BENEDICK. You take pleasure then in the message ?

BEATRICE. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point and choke a daw withal.[16] You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [*Exit.*[17]

BENEDICK. Ha![18] " Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner ; " there's a double meaning in that. " I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me; "[19] that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.[20] If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain ; if I do not love her, I am a Jew.[21] I will go get her picture.

[*Exit.*

ACT II, SC. I

[1] *Rises, coming down to* L. *before speaking the line* " Why, it must be requited."

[2] *Looking off* L. *in the direction the others have taken.*

[3] *Pause. Paces back to seat, sitting* C.

[4] *Rises.*

[5] *Pacing slowly across in front to* L.

[6] *Stops, facing* L.

[7] *Turns and paces* R.

[8] *Stops* R.

[9] *Coming* R.C.

[10] *Getting up stage to* R. *of* C. *seat. He stands half turned from* BEATRICE *as she enters.*

[11] *From* L. *Looking about her, she comes to below cut hedge down* L.C. *She speaks abruptly in her old manner.*

[12] *Inclining his head.*

[13] *A little pause, then with a marked sincerity.*

[14] *With a rapid glance, before speaking she registers her perception of* BENEDICK'S *tone, but makes, except for a slight note of surprise, no amelioration in her address.*

[15] *Turns* L.

[16] *Slight pause.*

[17] L.

[18] *To* C., *in deep reflection.*

[19] *To* L.C., *looking after* BEATRICE.

[20] *Turning and working across front to* R., *speaking with a rising inflection.*

[21] *Pauses* R., *places his hands behind his back and looking on the ground—lowers his voice and paces out* R. *below arbour.*

[ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I

LEONATO'S *garden.*][1]

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.[2]

HERO. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour ;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
[Proposing with the prince and Claudio :]
Whisper her ear and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard and our whole discourse
Is all of her ; say that thou overheard'st us ;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
[Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it : there will she hide her,]
To listen our purpose. This is thy office ;
Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.

MARGARET. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.
[*Exit.*[3]

HERO.[4] Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.[5]
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit :
My talk to thee must be how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice.[6] Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter BEATRICE, *behind.*[7]

[8] Now begin ;
For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to heat our conference.[9]

URSULA. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait :
[So angle we for Beatrice ; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.]
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

HERO. [Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.]
[*Approaching the bower.*[10]

[11] No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

URSULA. [12] But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ? [13]

HERO. So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.

[URSULA. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?]

HERO.[14] They did entreat me to acquaint her of it ;
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it,

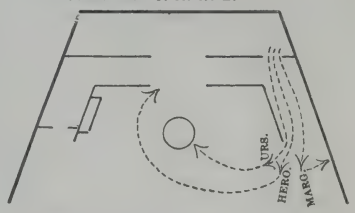
ACT II, SC. I

[1] *The action is continued without break.*

[2] *From arch in hedge* L.U.E. HERO *and* MARGARET *come first.* MARGARET *on* HERO'S L. *hand. They run down to* L.C. *below cut hedge,* HERO *speaking as they do so.* URSULA *follows, coming down to* HERO'S R.

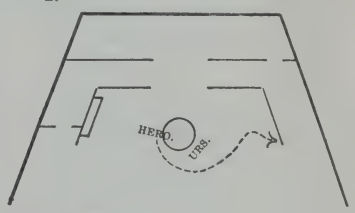
[3] L.

[4] *Running up to the vine-trellis* C. URSULA *to below seat* C. *on its* L.



[5] *Comes from vine-trellis to* R. *side of* C. *seat and sits facing* URSULA.

[6] *Rises—still speaking—crosses front of* URSULA *to* L. *corner of hedge and looks* L.

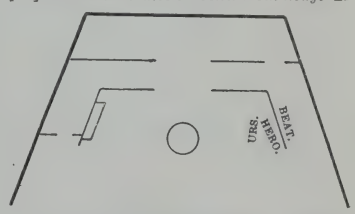


[7] *Up stage* L.

[8] *Drawing back.*

[9] URSULA *to* HERO'S R. *hand.*

[10] BEATRICE *comes to behind cut hedge* L.

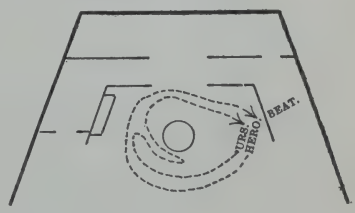


[11] *Leading* URSULA *across to* R.C. HERO *down stage.*

[12] *As* HERO *and* URSULA *turn at* R.C. *as if to go up to vine-trellis,* URSULA *breaks back to* C. *and speaks toward the hedge* L.

[13] *Back to* HERO, *and with her up to vine-trellis* C. *Both turn again to face hedge* L.

[14] *Down* L.C. *to cut hedge with* URSULA, *speaking close to* BEATRICE.



ACT II, SC. I

URSULA. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?
HERO. O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on, and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.[1]
URSULA. [2] Sure, I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.[3]
HERO. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antique,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.
URSULA. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
HERO. No, not to be so odd and from all fashions
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly: [4]
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.[5]
URSULA. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.
HERO. No; rather I will go to Benedick [6]
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
URSULA. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.[7]
She cannot be so much without true judgement—
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have—as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.
[HERO. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.
URSULA. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.]
HERO. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
[URSULA. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.

[1] *Backs away from the hedge towards* C. *seat.*
[2] *Still speaking at the hedge.*
[3] *Joins* HERO.
[4] URSULA *makes pretence of remonstrance.*
[5] *Going to hedge—smothering laughter.*
[6] *Up to vine-trellis* C.
[7] *To* R.C.

When are you married, madam?
HERO. Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in:
I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.]
URSULA.[1] She's limed, I'll warrant you: we have caught her, madam.
HERO. If it proves so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
[*Exeunt* HERO *and* URSULA.[2]
BEATRICE[3] [*coming forward*]. What fire is in mine ears?
Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*[4]

ACT II, SC. I

[1] *Up to* HERO.

[2] *Through vine-trellis to* L., *and through arch* L.U.E.

[3] *As* HERO *and* URSULA *go,* BEATRICE *comes below cut hedge* L.C. *and stands* R. *of trellis, watching them. Then she comes to* C.

[4] R.

[SCENE II

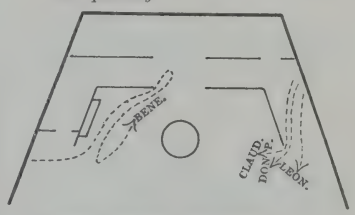
A room in LEONATO'S *house.*][5]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.[6]

DON PEDRO. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.
CLAUDIO. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.
DON PEDRO. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it.[7] I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth;[8] he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.
BENEDICK.[9] Gallants, I am not as I have been.[10]
LEONATO.[11] So say I: methinks you are sadder.
CLAUDIO.[12] I hope he be in love.
DON PEDRO. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love: if he be sad, he wants money.
BENEDICK.[13] I have the toothache.[14]
DON PEDRO. Draw it.
BENEDICK. Hang it!
CLAUDIO. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.
DON PEDRO. What! sigh for the toothache?
LEONATO. Where is but a humour or a worm.
BENEDICK.[15] Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.[16]
CLAUDIO.[17] Yet say I, he is in love.[18]
DON PEDRO.[19] There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to

[5] *The action is continued without break.*

[6] DON PEDRO *with* CLAUDIO *enter together, the former on* CLAUDIO'S L. *hand; they enter, up stage, from the* L., *coming down to* L.C. *below the cut hedge.*
LEONATO *follows and comes down stage to* L.
BENEDICK *enters a moment before them from* R.1 E. *in front of arbour. He walks slowly with his hands behind him, in deep thought. He has shaved his beard, and has discarded—in favour of a lighter costume—the accoutrements of the soldier. He paces, apparently oblivious of the others' presence, round the end of the hedge* R. *and up into the vine-trellis, turns and continues to walk to and fro as* DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO *are speaking.*



[7] *Looking towards* BENEDICK.

[8] DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO *gather close together, laughing silently amongst themselves at* BENEDICK.

[9] *Pausing in his moody walk down* R.C.

[10] *Turns again, resuming his walk up and down.*

[11] *Advancing in front of* CLAUDIO *and* DON PEDRO, *to front of seat* C.

[12] *Joining* LEONATO *at seat.*

[13] *Down stage* R.C. *Hand to face.*

[14] CLAUDIO *and* LEONATO *rejoin* DON PEDRO. *All laughing.* BENEDICK *up stage again.*

[15] *Up stage, with his back turned. Looking at them over his* R. *shoulder.*

[16] *Goes into the vine-trellis.*

[17] *Going up* C. *and peeping at* BENEDICK, *who is leaning against the trellis facing up stage.*

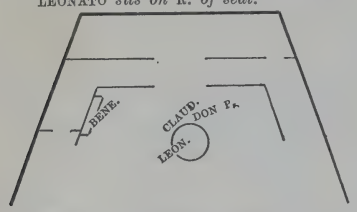
[18] *Turns to the others, but remains above* C. *seat.*

[19] *Crossing to the* R. *of* C. *seat and looking at* BENEDICK *in the trellis.*

ACT II, SC. I

[1] BENEDICK *turns round, looks frowningly at the three men, then comes down* R.C. *to seat by the hedge, and flings himself impatiently upon it.*

[2] DON PEDRO *comes to behind* CLAUDIO, *above* C. *seat, peering at* BENEDICK. LEONATO *sits on* R. *of seat.*



[3] *Advancing a little to* BENEDICK *as though to make sure of what he sees, turns to the others before he speaks.*

[4] *Business of scenting the air.*

[5] *Rising. Gets to below hedge* R.C.

[6] LEONATO *rises, and exchanging a look with* DON PEDRO, *bows to him and joins* BENEDICK, *who takes his arm and leads him out* R.1 E.

[7] *Coming down stage* L.C.

[8] *Down* R. *of seat to* R.C.

[9] *Through arch in the hedge at back* L. *He comes down* L., *bowing to* DON PEDRO.

[10] *With a look at* CLAUDIO, *who bows and is retiring up* R.

[11] CLAUDIO *stops and returns to* R.C.

[12] *A step towards him.*

this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.[1]

CLAUDIO.[2] If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs : a' brushes his hat o' mornings ; what should that bode ?

DON PEDRO.[3] Hath any man seen him at the barber's ?

CLAUDIO. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

LEONATO. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

DON PEDRO.[4] Nay, a' rubs himself with civet : can you smell him out by that ?

CLAUDIO. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

DON PEDRO. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

[CLAUDIO. And when was he wont to wash his face ?

DON PEDRO. Yea, or to paint himself ? for the which, I hear what they say of him.]

CLAUDIO. Nay, but his jesting spirit ; which is now crept into a lute-string and now governed by stops.

DON PEDRO. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him : conclude, conclude he is in love.

CLAUDIO. Nay, but I know who loves him.

DON PEDRO. That would I know too : I warrant, one that knows him not.

CLAUDIO. Yes, and his ill conditions ; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

DON PEDRO. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

BENEDICK.[5] Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me : I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.[6]

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK *and* LEONATO.

DON PEDRO.[7] For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

CLAUDIO.[8] 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice ; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter DON JOHN.[9]

DON JOHN. My lord and brother, God save you!

DON PEDRO. Good den, brother.

DON JOHN. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

DON PEDRO. In private ? [10]

DON JOHN. If it please you : yet Count Claudio may hear ; for what I would speak of concerns him.[11]

DON PEDRO. What's the matter ?

DON JOHN [*to* CLAUDIO]. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow ?

DON PEDRO. You know he does.

DON JOHN. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

CLAUDIO. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.[12]

DON JOHN. You may think I love you not : let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage ;—surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

DON PEDRO. Why, what's the matter ?

DON JOHN. I came hither to tell you ; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

CLAUDIO. Who, Hero ? [1]

DON JOHN. Even she ; [2] Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

CLAUDIO. Disloyal ?

DON JOHN. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness ; I could say she were worse ; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant : go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day : if you love her then, to-morrow wed her ; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

CLAUDIO. May this be so ? [3]

DON PEDRO. I will not think it.

DON JOHN. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know : if you will follow me, I will show you enough ; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

CLAUDIO. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

DON PEDRO. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

DON JOHN. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses : bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.[4]

[DON PEDRO. O day untowardly turned!

CLAUDIO. O mischief strangely thwarting!

DON JOHN. O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel.]

ACT II, SC. I

[1] *His hand to his sword hilt.*

[2] DON PEDRO *puts out his right arm to stay* CLAUDIO, *whilst still regarding* DON JOHN.

[3] *Under his breath, in stupefaction.*

[4] *He turns, with an inclination of his head, to* DON PEDRO *and goes out the way he came.* CLAUDIO *hides his face on* DON PEDRO'S *shoulder.*

Black Out.

Draw Traverse 1.
Lower small Street Cloth.
Set pent-shed L., *and house-piece* R.
Mask with Traverse 2.
Withdraw Traverse 1 *to open.*

ACT II, SCENE II
A Street

[SCENE III

[A street.]

Enter DOGBERRY *and* VERGES *with the* WATCH.[1]

DOGBERRY. Are you good men and true ?[2]

VERGES. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

DOGBERRY. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

VERGES. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

DOGBERRY. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable ?

FIRST WATCH.[3] Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole ; for they can write and read.

DOGBERRY.[4] Come hither, neighbour Seacole. God hath blessed you with a good name : to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune ; but to write and read comes by nature.

SECOND WATCH.[5] Both which, master constable,——

ACT II

SCENE II

A Street.

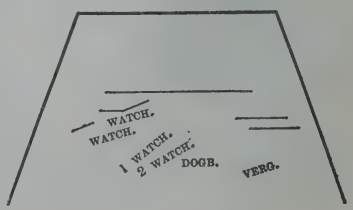
[1] *Coming through opening in house-piece* R.
VERGES *enters first, carrying a lantern, he crosses to* L.
DOGBERRY *follows, speaking as he enters, and coming to* L. *of* C.
FIRST WATCH *to* R.C.
SECOND WATCH *to his right above him, with two others.*

[2] *Turning and addressing the men on his* R.

[3] *Indicating* THIRD WATCH *and then* SECOND WATCH, *whom he brings a little forward.*

[4] *Beckons* SECOND WATCH (SEACOLE), *who crosses in front of* FIRST WATCH *to* DOGBERRY'S R.

[5] SEACOLE *is a shrunken and feeble old man.*



DOGBERRY. You have : I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it ; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch ; therefore bear you the lantern.[1] This is your charge : you shall comprehend all vagrom men ; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

SECOND WATCH. How if a' will not stand ?

DOGBERRY. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go : and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave.[2]

VERGES. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

DOGBERRY. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.[3] You shall also make no noise in the streets ; for for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

THIRD WATCH.[4] We will rather sleep than talk : we know what belongs to a watch.

DOGBERRY. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman ; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend : only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

SECOND WATCH. How if they will not ?

DOGBERRY. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober : if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

SECOND WATCH. Well, sir.

DOGBERRY. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man ; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

SECOND WATCH. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him ?

DOGBERRY. Truly, by your office, you may ; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled : the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company.

VERGES. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

DOGBERRY. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

VERGES.[5] If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

SECOND WATCH. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us ?

DOGBERRY.[6] Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying ; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

VERGES. 'Tis very true.

DOGBERRY. This is the end of the charge :—[7] you, constable, are to present the prince's own person : [8] if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

VERGES. Nay, by'r lady, that I think a' cannot.

DOGBERRY.[9] Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him : [10] marry, not without the prince be willing; [11] for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man ; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

VERGES. By'r lady, I think it be so.

DOGBERRY.[12] Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night : an there

ACT II, SC. II

[1] *Taking the lantern from* VERGES *and giving it to* SEACOLE.

[2] *Turns to* VERGES L.

[3] *Back to* C.

[4] *Coming down a little to* R. *of* FIRST WATCH.

[5] *Coming to* C. *in front of* DOGBERRY, *who gives a little to* L.

[6] *Putting* VERGES *on one side, who returns to* L

[7] *To* SECOND WATCH.

[8] SEACOLE *looks up and then from one to the other of the watch, who nod to him in affirmation of his importance as he taps his chest inquiringly. He then nods several times with great importance.*

[9] *Turning to* VERGES.

[10] *The* WATCH *turns and consults on the matter, gravely shaking heads.* DOGBERRY *changes his tone in view of the generally expressed doubt.*

[11] *All expressing understanding.*

[12] *With satisfaction, as though he had proved the truth of his original statement.*

ACT II, SC. II

be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night.[1] Come, neighbour.

SECOND WATCH. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

DOGBERRY.[2] One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu: be vigitant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.[3]

Enter BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.[4]

BORACHIO. What, Conrade!

FIRST WATCH [*aside*]. Peace! stir not.[5]

BORACHIO. Conrade, I say![6]

CONRADE. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.[7]

BORACHIO. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

CONRADE. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

BORACHIO. Stand thee close, then,[8] under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

FIRST WATCH[9] [*aside*]. Some treason, masters:[10] yet stand close.

BORACHIO. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

CONRADE. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

BORACHIO. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.[11]

CONRADE. I wonder at it.

BORACHIO. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

CONRADE. Yes, it is apparel.

BORACHIO. I mean, the fashion.

CONRADE. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

BORACHIO. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

FIRST WATCH [*aside*].[12] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year: a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.[13]

BORACHIO. Didst thou not hear somebody?[14]

CONRADE. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

BORACHIO.[15] Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? [sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reeky painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

CONRADE. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man.] But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

BORACHIO. Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,[16]—I tell this tale vilely:[17]—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.[18]

[1] *Crossing* VERGES *to* L. *and going out.*

[2] *Returning and coming* C.

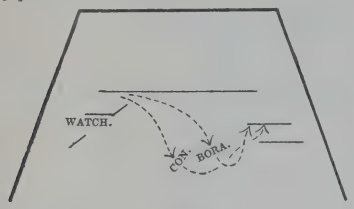
[3] L.1 E. *The* WATCH *gathers at opening in house-piece* R.

[4] *Above house-piece* R.2 E. BORACHIO *enters first with a drunken swagger, but carries his liquor as one who is used to it.*

[5] *All the* WATCH *withdraw into opening* R. *at the first sound of* BORACHIO'S *voice calling.*

[6] *Coming down, calling, to* L.C.

[7] *On* BORACHIO'S R.



[8] *Taking* CONRADE *to pent roof* L. *He leans against the support up stage.* CONRADE *standing within on his* L.

[9] FIRST WATCH *stands a little forward in the opening.*

[10] *Pushing back the others.*

[11] FIRST *and* SECOND WATCH *advance with cautious steps a little from the opening, the others to its front. All bend forward listening.*

[12] *To* SECOND WATCH, *who is standing on his right hand down stage.*

[13] FIRST *and* SECOND WATCH *nod and confer, and in taking another step forward* SECOND WATCH *falls over* FIRST WATCH'S *staff, and drops his lantern.* FIRST WATCH *picks him up quickly and hustles him with the others back into the opening. All this with little noise.*

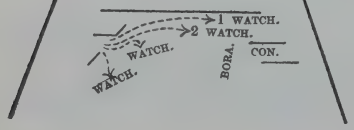
[14] *Advancing and looking about.*

[15] *Returning, but standing now in front of* CONRADE, *who stands facing him under the roof.*

[16] *Turns away to* C. *with a drunken lurch.*

[17] *Returning to face* CONRADE.

[18] FIRST WATCH *and* SECOND WATCH *come from the opening.* FIRST WATCH *with much gesture directs* SECOND WATCH *and they creep over at back to* L.C. *so as to come between* BORACHIO *and* CONRADE. *The two others come gradually from the opening to* R.C., *so as to take* BORACHIO *as he steps back* C.



CONRADE. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

BORACHIO. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night and send her home again without a husband.

FIRST WATCH.[1] We charge you, in the prince's name, stand! [2]

SECOND WATCH.[3] Call up the right master constable.[4] We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

FIRST WATCH. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him: a' wears a lock.

CONRADE. Masters, masters,—

SECOND WATCH. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.[5]

CONRADE. Masters,—

FIRST WATCH.[6] Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

BORACHIO. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

CONRADE. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*[7]

ACT II, SC. III

[1] *Coming down to* CONRADE.

[2] CONRADE *steps back down* L., FIRST WATCH *getting over further* L. *and* SECOND WATCH *between* CONRADE *and* BARACHIO, *who falls back* C., *where the two other men seize him by either arm.*

[3] *In great excitement, waving his lantern and staff.*

[4] *He repeats this.*

[5] *Shaking his staff at* CONRADE.

[6] *Placing a hand on* CONRADE'S *shoulder.*

[7] L. *Quickly.* CONRADE *with* FIRST *and* SECOND WATCH *on either side of him.* SECOND WATCH *down stage; and* BORACHIO *following with the others holding either arm.*

Black Out.

Traverse 1.
Traverse 2 *across.*
Set table with mirror and toilet appurtenances at angle up and down stage R. *of* C. *Small couch* L. *of* C. *at reverse angle. Chair in front of table.*

[SCENE IV

HERO'S *Apartment.*]

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.[8]

SCENE III

HERO'S *apartment.*

[8] *Discovered.* HERO *in chair at table.* URSULA *behind her chair.* MARGARET R. *of table.* HERO, *in demi-toilet, holds a ruffed bodice in her hands, examining it.*

HERO. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

URSULA. I will, lady.

HERO. And bid her come hither.

URSULA. Well. [*Exit.*[9]

MARGARET.[10] Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

HERO. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

MARGARET. By my troth, 's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

HERO. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: [11] I'll wear none but this.

MARGARET. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

HERO. O, that exceeds, they say.

MARGARET. By my troth, 's but a night-gown in respect of yours:[12] cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

HERO. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

MARGARET. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of wedlock.

[HERO. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

MARGARET. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not

[9] L.

[10] *As* HERO *turns the bodice in her hands.*

[11] *Rises and lays dress on table.*

[12] *As she describes the dress, with action she comes down a little to* R.

ACT II, SC. III

marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, "saving your reverence, a husband:" an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: is there any harm in "the heavier for wedlock"? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy:] ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.[1]

Enter BEATRICE.[2]

HERO. Good morrow, coz.[3]

BEATRICE. Good morrow, sweet Hero.[4]

HERO. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune? [5]

BEATRICE. I am out of all other tune, methinks.[6]

[MARGARET. Clap's into "Light o' love;" that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

BEATRICE. Ye light o' love, with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

MARGARET. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.]

BEATRICE. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; [7] 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh-ho! [8]

MARGARET. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

[BEATRICE. For the letter that begins them all, H.

MARGARET. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.]

BEATRICE. What means the fool, trow?

MARGARET. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

HERO.[9] These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.[10]

BEATRICE. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.[11]

[MARGARET. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

BEATRICE. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

MARGARET. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

BEATRICE. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.] By my troth, I am sick.

MARGARET.[12] Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

HERO.[13] There thou prickest her with a thistle.

BEATRICE. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.[14]

MARGARET.[15] Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle.[16] You may think perchance that I think you are in love: [17] nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love or that you will be in love or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry, and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

BEATRICE. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps? [18]

[MARGARET. Not a false gallop.]

Re-enter URSULA.[19]

[1] *Looking* L., *and laughing.*

[2] *From* L.

[3] *Meeting* BEATRICE L.C.

[4] *Embracing* HERO.

[5] *Holding by the hands at arms' length.*

[6] *Releasing her hands and turning away a step or two to* L. HERO *looks at* MARGARET; *they exchange a meaning glance.* HERO *gets* C.

[7] *Turning up stage* L.C.

[8] *Sits on couch.*

[9] *At table. Takes up gloves.*

[10] *Approaching* BEATRICE *with the gloves.*

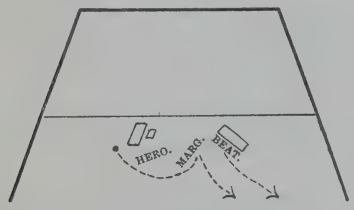
[11] *Turns away her head.*

[12] *Taking bottle from table and crossing* HERO *to* BEATRICE.

[13] *Behind* MARGARET.

[14] *Impatiently, rises and comes down* L.

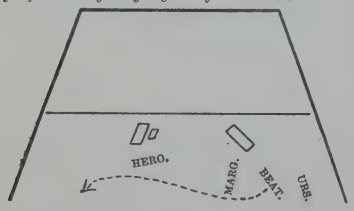
[15] *Following to position* L.C.



[16] *Looks round meaningly at* HERO.

[17] BEATRICE, *who is standing turned from* MARGARET, *moves her head and flashes an angry look at her.* HERO *raises a warning finger.*

[18] *Crossing angrily in front to* R.



[19] *Standing* L. *Speaking rapidly in excitement.*

URSULA. Madam, withdraw : the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

HERO.[1] Help to dress me, good coz,[2] good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE V

Another room in LEONATO'S *house.*]

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.
3

LEONATO.[4] What would you with me, honest neighbour ?

DOGBERRY. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

LEONATO. Brief, I pray you ; for you see it is a busy time with me.

DOGBERRY. Marry, this it is, sir.

VERGES. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

LEONATO. What is it, my good friends ?

DOGBERRY.[5] Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter : an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were ; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

VERGES. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.

DOGBERRY. Comparisons are odorous : palabras, neighbour Verges.[6]

LEONATO.[7] Neighbours, you are tedious.

DOGBERRY. It pleases your worship to say so,[8] but we are the poor duke's officers ; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

LEONATO.[9] All thy tediousness on me, ah ?

DOGBERRY. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis ; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city ; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

VERGES.[10] And so am I.

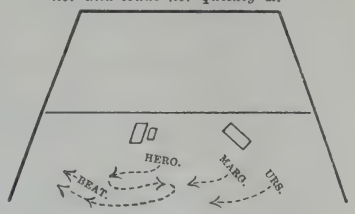
LEONATO. I would fain know what you have to say.

VERGES. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

DOGBERRY.[11] A good old man, sir: [12] he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: [13] God help us! it is a world to see.[14] Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges: [15] well, God's a good

ACT II, SC. IV

[1] *Feverishly approaching* BEATRICE, *who, forgetting her anger, puts her arm about her and leads her quickly* R.



[2] *Breaking away from* BEATRICE *to* C. *appealing to* MARGARET *and* URSULA, *then quickly returning to* BEATRICE. *As all are passing* R.,

Black Out.

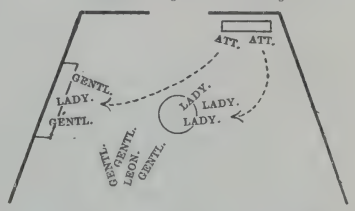
Traverse 1 *across.*
Remove furniture.
Withdraw Traverse 2 *upon* LEONATO'S *garden as Act II, Scene I.*

SCENE IV

LEONATO'S *garden.*

[3] LEONATO *is discovered, talking with several of the wedding guests* R.C. *Other guests, both men and women, are seated upon and standing round the seat* C. *A small table has been set at back against the hedge on the* L. *of the vine-trellis, upon which are fruit, flowers, and wine. Guests are also seated on the bench* R. *Two* ATTENDANTS *are serving the different groups. There is laughter and talking as the scene opens.*

N.B.—The diagrams for this grouping give only the stage space bounded by the cut hedge.



After a moment the three guests on seat R. *rise, placing their glasses on the salver held by the* ATTENDANT *in front of them ; they go out, laughing and talking together,* R.1.E. *in front of arbour. The* ATTENDANT *carries salver and glasses to table* L. *at back, and the* ATTENDANT *at* C. *seat also returns to table.*

LEONATO'S PAGE *hurries in from* L. *and bows to* LEONATO L.C.

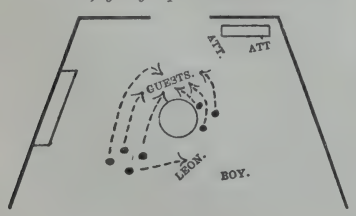
LEONATO, *excusing himself to the gentlemen around him, comes forward and listens to the* PAGE'S *message, giving him directions, and the* PAGE *goes out again* L.

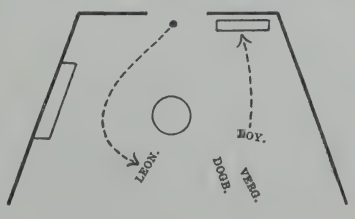
As LEONATO *is speaking to the* PAGE *the gentlemen join the three ladies at seat* C., *going up behind seat as the ladies rise and together all form a group up* C.

LEONATO *goes up* R.C. *and joins them.*

One of the ATTENDANTS *stands with his salver to the* L. *of vine-trellis to receive their glasses.*

All work up to vine-trellis, laughing and talking, and pass out C. *to* R., *leaving* LEONATO, *who returns down stage to* R.C. *as the* PAGE *re-enters, ushering in* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES, *who stand bowing to* LEONATO L.C. *The* PAGE *retires up and remains at table, where he secretly helps himself to a fruit.*





[4] *To* DOGBERRY.
[5] *Turning to* VERGES. *In a most patronizing manner.*
[6] *Waving him to silence.*
[7] *A slight movement to* R.
[8] *Advancing a little* C., *with a low bow.*
[9] *Turning to face* DOGBERRY.
[10] *Advancing to* DOGBERRY'S *left hand.*
[11] *Looking at* VERGES *before he speaks and shaking his head with a tolerant smile. Then turning and addressing* LEONATO.
[12] *Placing his hand to his mouth as though to screen a confidence.* [*eyes.*
[13] *Raising both hands and turning up his*
[14] *Patting* VERGES *on the back.*
[15] *He leads* VERGES *apart to the* L. *as though to put him out of the business on hand.*

man ; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.[1] An honest soul, i' faith, sir ; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread ; but God is to be worshipped ; all men are not alike ;[2] alas, good neighbour!

LEONATO. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

DOGBERRY. Gifts that God gives.[3]

LEONATO. I must leave you.[4]

DOGBERRY.[5] One word, sir : our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

LEONATO.[6] Take their examination yourself and bring it me : I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

DOGBERRY.[7] It shall be suffigance.

LEONATO. Drink some wine ere you go : [8] fare you well.

Enter a MESSENGER.[9]

MESSENGER. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

LEONATO. I'll wait upon them : I am ready.[10]

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* MESSENGER.

DOGBERRY.[11] Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole ; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol ; we are now to examination these men.[12]

VERGES. And we must do it wisely.

DOGBERRY. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you ;[13] here's that shall drive some of them to a noncome : only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication and meet me at the gaol.

[*Exeunt.*[14]

[1] *Leaving* VERGES *and returning to* C., *addressing* LEONATO *with an affectation of extreme tolerance.*

[2] *Looking towards* VERGES *and shaking his head in pity.*

[3] *Accepting the compliment with ridiculous modesty.*

[4] *Turns towards* R.

[5] *Following—speaking with less deliberation.*

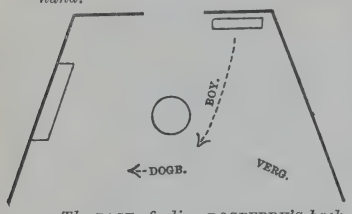
[6] *Half turning.*

[7] *Bowing low.*

[8] *He makes a sign to the* PAGE *at table, who hides the fruit he is in the act of biting.*

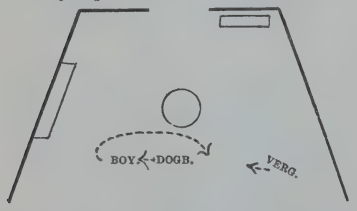
[9] *From* R.1 E.

[10] *Crossing the* MESSENGER (*an* ATTENDANT) *and going out. The* ATTENDANT *stands aside, above him, to allow him to pass, and follows.* DOGBERRY *is standing* R.C., VERGES L. *At the invitation to take some wine,* DOGBERRY'S *face broadens with a greedy smile. He follows the gesture* LEONATO *makes towards the* PAGE, *and his eyes never leave the* BOY *whilst he is pouring the wine. The* BOY *fills two glasses and brings them on a small salver down stage towards* DOGBERRY, *who in anticipation of his enjoyment takes a pace to his* R., *wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.*



The PAGE, *finding* DOGBERRY'S *back towards him, goes above and round him to his* R. *At the moment* DOGBERRY

turns and looks about him in amazement. The PAGE *coughs.* DOGBERRY *turns, and smiling again takes one of the glasses and immediately empties it. The* PAGE *goes behind him again with evident intention of serving the other glass to* VERGES, *who advances a trembling step or two.*



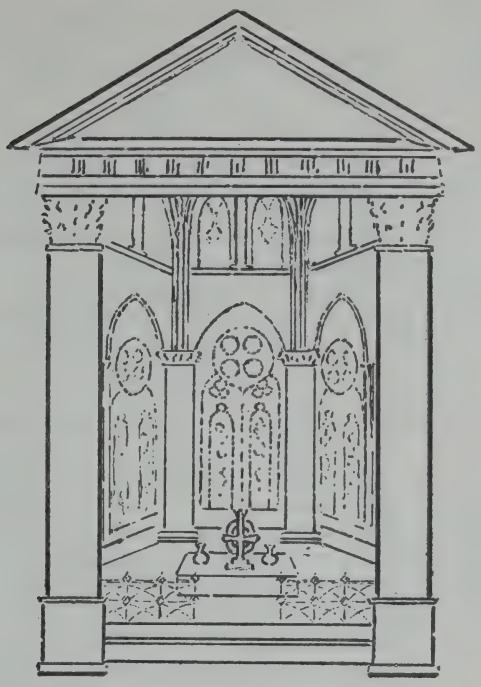
DOGBERRY *reaches out his left hand and secures the other glass of liquor, which he consumes, and then places the two empty glasses on the salver.*

[11] *Crossing to* L.C.

[12] *The* PAGE *returns to table with salver and glasses. Coming down again to* C., *watching* DOGBERRY.

[13] *Touching his forehead.*

[14] VERGES *goes out first* L. DOGBERRY, *with great importance, follows, and the* PAGE, *imitating him, is passing to* L. *as the curtain falls.*



ACT III, SCENE I
A Church

[ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I

A Church.]

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, *and* ATTENDANTS.

1

LEONATO. Come, Friar Francis, be brief ; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

FRIAR FRANCIS. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

CLAUDIO. No.[2]

LEONATO.[3] To be married to her : friar, you come to marry her.

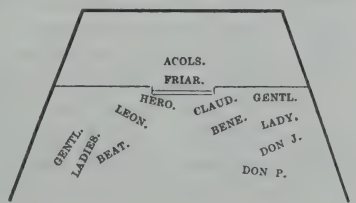
Set rostrum, steps, and house-piece as used in Act I.
Back with Church-piece. Carpet on steps to run down stage.
Traverse 2 to flank R. *and* L., *and flying Traverse* C. *for apex of house-piece.*

ACT III
SCENE I
A Church.

Organ music at Curtain.

[1] *A group of ladies and gentlemen is discovered standing* R. *at back ; immediately it is joined by others who come from* R.1 E. *A lady and gentleman from this group cross in front of altar-rail to* L.C. *up stage, meeting* DON PEDRO *and* DON JOHN, *who enter from* L. CLAUDIO *enters from* L. *at the same time as* DON PEDRO, *and passes to* L. *of altar-rail.* BENEDICK *follows to a place* L.C. *below* CLAUDIO. *As they take these positions, acolytes enter from* R. *and, passing up* C., *range themselves at back of rostrum ;* FRIAR FRANCIS *follows and mounting steps stands* C. *between altar-rails.*

At this moment, LEONATO *enters from* L., *leading* HERO *across to* R. *of rail and stands close beside her, with his left arm about her. She looks up at him. He kisses her forehead. She kneels at rail.* BEATRICE *follows, crossing to* R.C. *The group of ladies and gentlemen on the* R. *stand behind her.*



[2] *All eyes turn to* CLAUDIO. *A pause.* BENEDICK *looks up. Taking a step backwards.* HERO *raises her head from her devotional attitude.* DON PEDRO *and* DON JOHN *do not move.* BEATRICE *and* LEONATO *look toward* CLAUDIO. CLAUDIO *makes no action, strung to the uttermost his voice should be hoarse, dry, lacking control.*

[3] *There should be no confidence that a jest was intended in* LEONATO'S *tone—rather a half-note of appeal to* CLAUDIO.

ACT III. SC. I

[1] *After an instantaneous glance from* LEONATO *to* CLAUDIO.
[2] *This line,* HERO'S *answer and the* FRIAR'S *subsequent speech—though to be given with their due weight—should not be held too long. The formality of the* FRIAR'S *exhortation should be coloured by the situation.*
[3] *A silence before* CLAUDIO *speaks.*
[4] *Dividing his words.*
[5] *In simple surprise.*

[6] *His tone is tense and vibrant—not loud.*

[7] *Slightly raising his right hand to he* FRIAR, *with a step towards* C. *nearer to* HERO.

[8] *Looking towards* DON PEDRO.
[9] *He steps to* HERO, *who, still upon her knees, turns towards him. He indicates that she shall rise by placing his fingers lightly under her right forearm. As she responds he turns her to* LEONATO.
[10] *His voice rises in bitterness. The speech should be delivered in passionate rapidity.* HERO—*her face turned to him in horror—feels towards her father with nervous, outstretched hands.*

[11] HERO *is now against her father, her hands clutching at his garments, alternately looking up at his face and on the ground, her confusion robbing her of controlled action. A pause.*

[12] *In a more measured and lowered tone.*

[13] *The question rouses* CLAUDIO *to his highest note in the scene.*
[14] BEATRICE *moves up in support of* HERO, *passing behind* LEONATO, *so that as* HERO *shrinks from* CLAUDIO'S *invective she finds* BEATRICE *in place of* LEONATO, *who has dropped down stage, towards the end of* CLAUDIO'S *speech.*

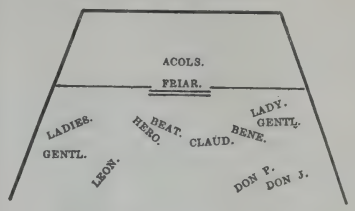
[15] *Turning round* BEATRICE *to her right side—clinging to her.*
[16] *Down* R.C.

FRIAR.[1] Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.[2]
HERO. I do.
FRIAR. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.[3]
CLAUDIO.[4] Know you any, Hero?
HERO.[5] None, my lord.
FRIAR. Know you any, count?
LEONATO. I dare make his answer, none.
CLAUDIO.[6] O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!
BENEDICK. How now! interjections? [Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!]
CLAUDIO.[7] Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?
LEONATO. As freely, son, as God did give her me.
CLAUDIO. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?
DON PEDRO. Nothing, unless you render her again.
CLAUDIO.[8] Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.[9]
There, Leonato,[10] take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
[O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!]
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
[She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;]
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
LEONATO. What do you mean, my lord?
CLAUDIO. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approvèd wanton.[11]
LEONATO. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
[And made defeat of her virginity,—
CLAUDIO. I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:]
[12] No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.
HERO. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
CLAUDIO.[13] Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:[14]
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.
HERO.[15] Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?
LEONATO.[16] Sweet prince, why speak not you?
DON PEDRO. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a wanton.

LEONATO. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
DON JOHN.[1] Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
BENEDICK. This looks not like a nuptial.[2]
HERO. [3] True! O God!
CLAUDIO.[4] Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?
LEONATO. All this is so: but what of this, my lord?
CLAUDIO. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.[5]
LEONATO. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.[6]
HERO. O, God defend me! how am I beset!
[7] What kind of catechising call you this?
CLAUDIO To make you answer truly to your name.
HERO Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach? [8]
CLAUDIO. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero herself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
HERO.[9] I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
DON PEDRO. Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother and this grieved count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.[10]
DON JOHN. Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.[11]
CLAUDIO.[12] O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious. [13]
LEONATO. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
[HERO *swoons*.[14]
BEATRICE. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?
DON JOHN. Come, let us go. [These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.]
[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, [*and* CLAUDIO.] [15]
BENEDICK. How doth the lady? [16]
BEATRICE. Dead, I think. Help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar! [17]
LEONATO. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for. [18]

ACT III, SC. I

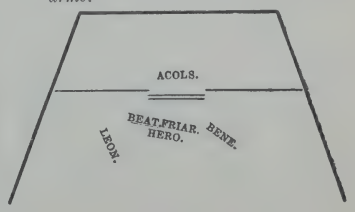
[1] *Coming below* DON PEDRO L.



[2] *Advancing between* CLAUDIO *and* DON PEDRO.
[3] *Her face hidden on* BEATRICE'S *right shoulder—her back turned.*
[4] *Down stage* L. *of* C.
[5] BEATRICE *brings* HERO *a little forward to* C. LEONATO *a step up towards her.*
[6] HERO, *still clinging to* BEATRICE, *faces* LEONATO *and looks from him to* CLAUDIO.
[7] *Her gentleness roused to indignity.*
[8] *Withdrawing her arms from* BEATRICE.

[9] *Facing* CLAUDIO.

[10] HERO *sways and* BEATRICE *comes to her support, placing her right arm round her and leading her up stage to a little* R. *of* C., *turning her to her left arm.*
[11] *His hand upon* DON JOHN'S *arm as though to stay more words, and with* DON JOHN *turns up to a position behind* BENEDICK L.
[12] *Down* L.C.
[13] *He goes out* L.1 E.
[14] *At this moment* BEATRICE *has her left arm round* HERO'S *shoulders and with her right hand holds* HERO'S *left.* HERO *sways back and sinks down, facing* R. BEATRICE, *in the effort to arrest her fall, sinks to her knees as* HERO *slips out of her arms full length upon the ground. Her head to the* L.
[15] DON PEDRO, DON JOHN *and the two guests go out* L. *The ladies and gentlemen on the* R., *go out* R., *severally.*
[16] *Speaking as he advances to* L. *of* C. *up stage, above* HERO.
[17] *Turns round appealingly.* LEONATO *advances towards a position up stage* L. *of* HERO *and* BEATRICE.
[18] *The* FRIAR *advances and kneeling* L. *of* BEATRICE *lifts* HERO'S *head and places her in a sitting posture in* BEATRICE'S *arms.*



ACT III, SC. I

BEATRICE. How now, cousin Hero!
FRIAR. Have comfort, lady.
LEONATO. Dost thou look up?
FRIAR. Yea, wherefore should she not?[1]
LEONATO. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life.[2] Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirch'd thus and mired with infamy,
I might have said "No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins"?
But mine and mine I loved and mine I praised
And mine that I was proud on, [mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her,—why, she,] O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again[3]
[And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!]
BENEDICK. [4]Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.
BEATRICE. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
BENEDICK. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
BEATRICE. No, truly not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
LEONATO. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? [5] Hence from her! let her die.
FRIAR.[6] Hear me a little; for I have only been
Silent so long and given way unto
This course of fortune . . .
By noting of the lady I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. [Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book;] trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.[7]
LEONATO. [8]Friar, it cannot be.

[1] *As he rises.*

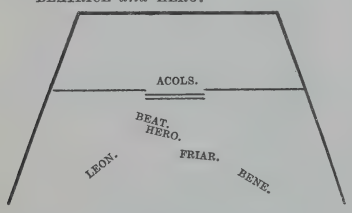
[2] BEATRICE *makes a gesture of restraint towards* LEONATO.

[3] *To* R.C. *down stage, as he speaks the last lines.*

[4] *Down to* L.C.

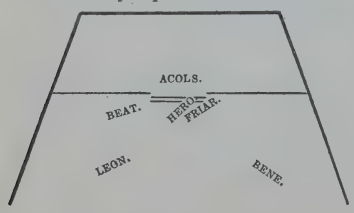
[5] *A gesture towards* BEATRICE *and the* FRIAR.

[6] *The* FRIAR *advances a pace below* BEATRICE *and* HERO.



[7] *A pause as the* FRIAR *turns to* HERO *and, with* BEATRICE'S *help, raises her to her feet.*

[8] *As the* FRIAR *leads* HERO *quietly apart to the* C. *of steps.*



Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury ; she not denies it :
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness ?

FRIAR.[1] Lady, what man is he you are accused of ?

HERO.[2] They know that do accuse me ; I know none :
[3] If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! [4] O, my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,[5]
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

FRIAR. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

BENEDICK. Two of them have the very bent of honour ;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

LEONATO. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
[Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.]

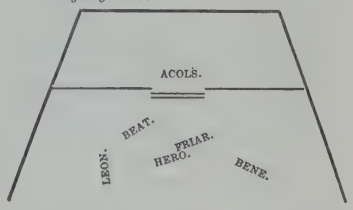
FRIAR. [6] Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead :
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed ;
Maintain a mourning ostentation
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

LEONATO. What shall become of this ? what will this do ?

[FRIAR. Marry, this well carried shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse ; that is some good :
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.]
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excused
Of every hearer : [for it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.] So will it fare with Claudio :
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life

ACT III, SC. I

[1] *In gentleness.*
[2] *Her eyes cast down.*
[3] *Looking up, she meets the* FRIAR'S *eyes, and in her confidence of the man's office gives the assurance of her innocence in a low, firm voice without faltering. After she has said* "Let all my sins lack mercy," *she bows her head and the* FRIAR *raises his hand above it.*
[4] *Turning to* LEONATO, *the* FRIAR *still holding her, she approaches him slightly to* C.

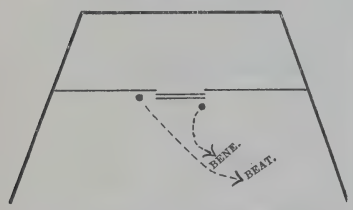


[5] *As though she would kneel to* LEONATO—*the* FRIAR *restrains her.*

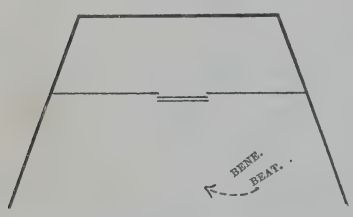
[6] BEATRICE *comes again to* HERO, *taking her a little apart, up* R.C. *The* FRIAR *advances to* LEONATO'S *left, down* R.C.

ACT III, SC. I

[1] *He turns to* HERO, *taking her from* BEATRICE.
[2] *Gently leading her to* R.
[3] R. LEONATO *follows slowly.* BEATRICE *moves up and stands with her back turned* R. *of altar-rail. The* ACOLYTES *pass down steps from rostrum and follow the* FRIAR.
[4] BENEDICK, *finding himself alone with* BEATRICE, *looks towards her. He is uncertain of her mood. He sighs. He looks again. He shakes his head; then turns to* L. *as if undecided whether to leave her. As his back is turned* BEATRICE *darts a rapid look in his direction. He glances back at her after her movement. Very cautiously he turns up* L. *and works round circuitously to the altar-rail* L.C., *to peep round at her face from a distance.*
[5] *With hesitancy, speaking from his position by the altar-rail* L.C.
[6] *Her tone is somewhat combatant, though it lacks the old sting, and is sincere.*
[7] *Moving down in front of* BENEDICK *to* L.C. *After she has done so* BENEDICK *moves and comes behind her.*



[8] *The thought that* CLAUDIO *is* BENEDICK'S *friend is in her mind.*
[9] *A half-step nearer.*
[10] *Before she speaks her face lights at his words—then clouds again.*
[11] BENEDICK, *radiant at her words, makes an attempt to take her hand. She breaks away across him a pace or two to his* R. *as she says,* "But believe me not."



[12] *She is putting aside self in her thought of* HERO.
[13] *Distraught with her conflicting emotions.*
[14] *With deep sincerity, moving farther towards* C.
[15] *Following, and speaking with an emphasis which brushes aside all but the salient fact.*
[16] *A pause, sufficient to mark the thought that his love may be great enough to put before his friendship for* CLAUDIO.
[17] *With the same assurance.*
[18] *Catching a little of his tone even in the delivery of her doubt.*
[19] *Maintaining the swing and earnestness of his tone.*
[20] BEATRICE *should break this line with a pause after the word* "then"—"God forgive me" *is a reflection on herself for the attempt she is making, and the declaration of her love, which follows together with* BENEDICK'S *lines, should be spoken rapidly to the climax* "Kill Claudio": *on which line* BEATRICE *faces* BENEDICK.

Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn,
[If ever love had interest in his liver,]
And wish he had not so accused her,
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
[But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds and injuries.]

BENEDICK. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

LEONATO. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

FRIAR. 'Tis well consented: presently away;
[For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.]
[1] Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd; [2] have patience and endure.

[*Exeunt all but* BENEDICK *and* BEATRICE.[3]

[4] BENEDICK.[5] Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

BEATRICE.[6] Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

BENEDICK. I will not desire that.

BEATRICE. You have no reason; I do it freely.

BENEDICK. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

BEATRICE. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her! [7]

BENEDICK. Is there any way to show such friendship?

BEATRICE. A very even way, but no such friend.[8]

BENEDICK. May a man do it?

BEATRICE. It is a man's office, but not yours.

BENEDICK.[9] I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?

BEATRICE.[10] As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: [11] but believe me not; [12] and yet I lie not; [13] I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing.[14] I am sorry for my cousin.

BENEDICK.[15] By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

BEATRICE.[16] Do not swear, and eat it.

BENEDICK.[17] I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

BEATRICE.[18] Will you not eat your word?

BENEDICK.[19] With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

BEATRICE.[20] Why, then, God forgive me!

BENEDICK. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

BEATRICE. You have stayed me in a happy hour : I was about to protest I loved you.

BENEDICK. And do it with all thy heart.

BEATRICE. I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

BENEDICK. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

BEATRICE. Kill Claudio.

BENEDICK.[1] Ha! not for the wide world.

BEATRICE. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.[2]

BENEDICK. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.[3]

BEATRICE. I am gone, though I am here : there is no love in you : nay, I pray you, let me go.

BENEDICK. Beatrice,—

BEATRICE.[4] In faith, I will go.

BENEDICK. We'll be friends first.

BEATRICE.[5] You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

BENEDICK. Is Claudio thine enemy ?

BEATRICE. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman ? [6] O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands ; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,[7]—O God, that I were a man! [8] I would eat his heart in the market-place.

BENEDICK. Hear me, Beatrice,—

BEATRICE. Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!

BENEDICK. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

BEATRICE. Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

BENEDICK. Beat—

BEATRICE. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect ; a sweet gallant, surely! [9] O that I were a man for his sake! [10] or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too : he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing,[11] therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

BENEDICK. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

BEATRICE.[12] Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

BENEDICK.[13] Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero ?

BEATRICE.[14] Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

BENEDICK.[15] Enough, I am engaged ; I will challenge him.[16] I will kiss your hand,[17] and so I leave you. [18] By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account.[19] As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin : I must say she is dead : and so, farewell.[20]

21 [[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III SC. I

[1] *Stepping back from her.*

[2] *Turns to go* R.

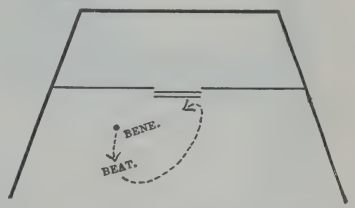
[3] *Overtaking and detaining her by catching her left hand,* R.C.

[4] *Releasing her hand ; with some of her old resistance.*

[5] *In a like strain.*

[6] *Upon this exclamation she comes down stage to* R.C.

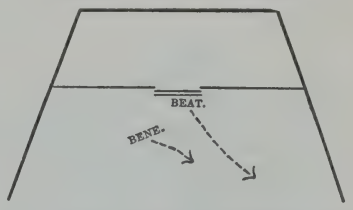
[7] *She sweeps up stage to* C. *by the altar-rail.*



[8] *Turns to* BENEDICK, *who has kept his position* R.C., *only moving to face* BEATRICE *as she passes him.*

[9] *Down to* L.C.

[10] BENEDICK *comes to* C.—*towards her—stopping at her next sentence.*



[11] *Passing in front of* BENEDICK—*as if to leave him—to* R. *of* C.

[12] *She pauses, but does not turn.*

[13] *Without movement. With deep earnestness.*

[14] *Still facing* R.

[15] *With quiet and firm determination.*

[16] *He goes to her, taking her left hand, bending over it and putting it to his lips.* BEATRICE *remaining motionless, her face betraying the conflicting emotions of the moment.*

[17] *Gently releasing her hand and turning* L. *as he speaks.*

[18] *Pausing* L.

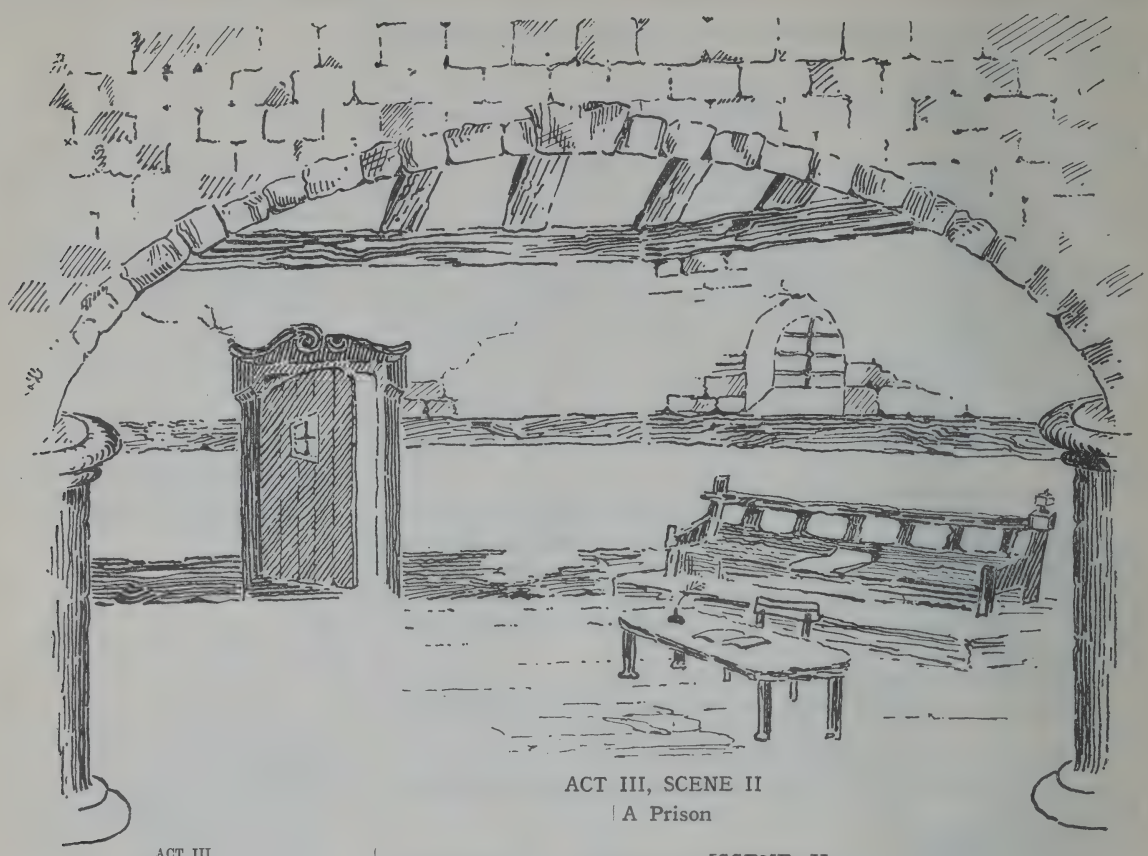
[19] *Looking towards* BEATRICE.

[20] *He goes out* L.

[21] BEATRICE *stands immovable for a moment. In her face the light of love, pride in the man who has so honoured her—then fear. She turns quickly up* C., *looking after* BENEDICK, *an action as though she would stay him—call him back—another change and she presses the fingers of both hands to her lips and flings out her arms towards him.*

Black Out.

Draw Traverse 1. *Set prison. Mask with Traverse* 2 *and flying Traverse.*



ACT III, SCENE II
A Prison

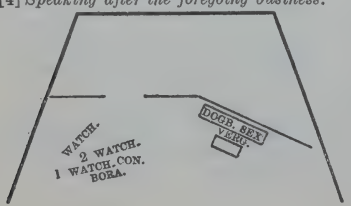
ACT III
SCENE II
A Prison.

[1] FIRST *and* SECOND WATCH, *with other men, are grouped around the door at back* R.C. VERGES *enters from* R., *down stage, carrying a book, paper, quill pens, and a receptacle for ink. He crosses to the* R. *side of the table and is placing the things in position officiously as* DOGBERRY *follows with the* SEXTON *: the latter is a bent old man with a long beard ; his hair falling on his shoulders from a skull-cap. All three men wear gowns of office. The* SEXTON *passes by the top of the table and seats himself towards the down stage end of raised seat.* DOGBERRY *follows and stands towards the middle of the seat.*

[2] *Standing ; facing* R.

[3] *Perceiving the* SEXTON *rise, turn about and fidget as though the seat were uncomfortable, he takes the stool from under the table and going below table, sets it at the* SEXTON'S *feet, then moves cushion from behind* DOGBERRY *and places it for* SEXTON. DOGBERRY, *resentfully, after turning to look at the seat, sits and elbows the* SEXTON, *who, also resentfully, moves a little to his* L. VERGES *goes to the chair at table and sits.*

[4] *Speaking after the foregoing business.*



[SCENE II
A Prison.]

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* SEXTON, *in gowns ; and the* WATCH, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.[1]

DOGBERRY. Is our whole dissembly appeared ? [2]

VERGES.[3] O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

SEXTON.[4] Which be the malefactors ?

DOGBERRY. Marry, that am I and my partner.

VERGES. Nay, that's certain ; we have the exhibition to examine.

SEXTON. But which are the offenders that are to be examined ? let them come before master constable.

DOGBERRY. Yea, marry, let them come before me.[5] [6] What is your name, friend ?

BORACHIO. Borachio.

[7] DOGBERRY. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah ?

CONRADE. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

DOGBERRY. Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God ?

CONRADE. }
BORACHIO. } Yea, sir, we hope.

DOGBERRY. Write down, that they hope they serve God : and write God first ; for God defend but God should go before such villains!

[5] *He signs to the men at the door.* FIRST *and* SECOND WATCH *go out and immediately return with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO. *As they enter* BORACHIO *is on* CONRADE'S R., FIRST WATCH *on* BORACHIO'S R., *and* SECOND WATCH *on* CONRADE'S L. *They come down to* R.C. FIRST *and* SECOND WATCH *fussily place the prisoners in position facing* L. *The rest of the group at back of them.*

[6] *After the business of the* WATCH.

[7] *Leaning over to* VERGES.

Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves ; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves ?

CONRADE. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

DOGBERRY.[1] A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you ; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah ; a word in your ear : [2] sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

BORACHIO.[3] Sir, I say to you we are none.

DOGBERRY. Well, stand aside.[4] 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none ?

SEXTON. Master constable, you go not the way to examine : you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

DOGBERRY. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

FIRST WATCH.[5] This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

DOGBERRY. Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

BORACHIO. Master constable,—

DOGBERRY. Pray thee, fellow, peace : I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

SEXTON. What heard you him say else ?

SECOND WATCH.[6] Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

DOGBERRY. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

VERGES. Yes, by mass, that it is.

SEXTON. What else, fellow ?

FIRST WATCH. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

DOGBERRY. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

SEXTON. What else ?

WATCH. This is all.[7]

SEXTON. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away ; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died.[8] Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's.[9] I will go before and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

DOGBERRY. Come, let them be opinioned.[10]

VERGES. Let them be in the hands—

CONRADE. Off, coxcomb! [11]

DOGBERRY.[12] God's my life, where's the sexton ? let him write down the prince's officer coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet! [13]

CONRADE. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

DOGBERRY.[14] Dost thou not suspect my place ? dost thou not suspect my years ? [15] O that he were here to write me down an ass! [16] But, masters, remember that I am an ass ; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.[17] [18] No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness.[19] I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer, [20] and, which is more, a householder, and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to ; [21] and a rich fellow enough, go to ; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away.[22] O that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III, SC. II

[1] *To the* SEXTON.

[2] CONRADE *advances.*

[3] *Advancing to* CONRADE'S R.

[4] FIRST *and* SECOND WATCH *take* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO *back to* R.C.

[5] *Advancing*

[6] *Advancing in front of* FIRST WATCH.

[7] FIRST *and* SECOND WATCH *go back to their places by* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

[8] *Rises.*

[9] *Leaves his seat and comes to* L. *of table, taking paper from* VERGES. *He exits* L., *reading it.*

[10] *Rises as he gives the order. The* WATCH *surround* BORACHIO *and* CONRADE, *and bind their hands behind their backs.*

[11] *To* DOGBERRY, *who has approached to superintend the binding.*

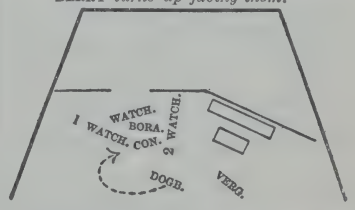
[12] *Turning to* C. *and speaking to* VERGES.

[13] *Turning to* CONRADE *again.*

[14] *Stepping back in amazement.*

[15] *Turning to* VERGES *again.*

[16] BORACHIO *and* CONRADE *in the hustle of the binding have worked up to* R.C., *with the* WATCH *surrounding them.* DOGBERRY *turns up facing them.*



[17] *Turns as if to go* R.

[18] *Turns back again. His anger rising.*

[19] *Turns to go—and back again.*

[20] *Going again—returns.*

[21] *Again going and returning.*

[22] *As, finally, he goes out.*
The WATCH *follows with the prisoners and* VERGES. *As they are moving the curtain falls.*

ACT IV
SCENE I

Before LEONATO'S *house.*
The same scene as Act I.

[ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I]

Before LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.[1]

ANTONIO. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself ;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.
LEONATO. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve : give not me counsel :
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience ;
[Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine
And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry " hem! " when he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man : for, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air and agony with words :]
[2] No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,[3]
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel :
[My griefs cry louder than advertisement.]
ANTONIO. Therein do men from children nothing differ.
LEONATO. I pray thee, peace.[4] I will be flesh and blood ; [5]
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a push at chance and sufferance.
ANTONIO.[6] Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself ;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.
LEONATO. There thou speak'st reason : nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied ;
And that shall Claudio know ; so shall the prince
And all of them that thus dishonour her.
ANTONIO.[7] Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.[8]

[1] LEONATO *enters from the house.* ANTONIO *follows a few paces behind him, speaking as he enters.* LEONATO *crosses and seats himself restlessly on seat* C. ANTONIO *comes behind him.*

[2] *Rises to* R.

[3] *Crosses in front to* L.C., ANTONIO *coming down* C.

[4] *Waving* ANTONIO *to silence, he turns up a little towards house.*

[5] *Turning to face* ANTONIO *from above him* L.C.

[6] *Approaching to* LEONATO'S *right hand*

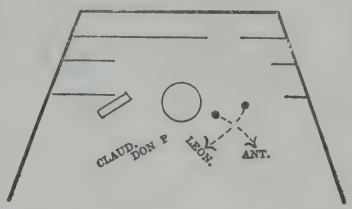
[7] *Looking off* R.

[8] *From above the vine-trellis* R.U.E.

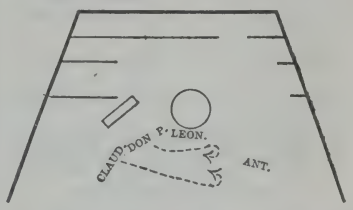
DON PEDRO. Good den, good den.
CLAUDIO. Good day to both of you.
LEONATO.[1] Hear you, my lords,—
DON PEDRO. [2] We have some haste, Leonato.
LEONATO. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord : [3]
[4] Are you so hasty now ? [5] well, all is one.[6]
DON PEDRO. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
ANTONIO. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.
CLAUDIO. [7] Who wrongs him ?
LEONATO. Marry, thou dost wrong me ; thou dissembler, thou :—[8]
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword ;
I fear thee not.
CLAUDIO. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear :
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
LEONATO. Tush, tush, man ; never fleer and jest at me :
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me
That I am forced to lay my reverence by
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child ;
[Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors ;
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany!
CLAUDIO. My villany ?
LEONATO. Thine, Claudio ; thine, I say.]
DON PEDRO. You say not right, old man.
LEONATO. [9] My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.
CLAUDIO. Away! I will not have to do with you.[10]
LEONATO. Canst thou so daff me ? Thou hast kill'd my child :
[If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
ANTONIO. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed :
But that's no matter : let him kill one first ;
Win me and wear me ;] let him answer me.
[11] Come, follow me, boy ; come, sir boy, come, follow me :
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence ;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
LEONATO. Brother,—
ANTONIO. Content yourself. God knows I loved my niece ;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue :
[12] Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!
LEONATO. [13] Brother Antony,—
ANTONIO. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,—
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie and cog and flout, deprave and slander,

ACT IV, SC. I

[1] *Advancing to* C., *below seat and intercepting* DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO *as they come down* R.C.



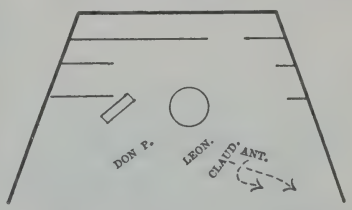
[2] *As though wishing to pass* LEONATO.
[3] *As* LEONATO *makes a step backward* DON PEDRO, *checked by his manner, somewhat hesitatingly passes to his* L.
[4] *To* CLAUDIO.
[5] CLAUDIO *passes in front of* LEONATO *to* DON PEDRO.



[6] *After* CLAUDIO *has moved,* LEONATO *takes a pace down towards* R.C.
[7] *To* ANTONIO.
[8] *Crossing in front of* DON PEDRO *to face* CLAUDIO, *who steps a little back to* L.C. *The action of his hand upon his sword should be slight and almost involuntary.* DON PEDRO *gives a little to* R.C., *facing* L.

[9] *Turning round to face* DON PEDRO.

[10] *With a wave of his hand he turns and goes down* L. *in front of* ANTONIO.



[11] *Indicating to* CLAUDIO *that he shall follow him up stage.* CLAUDIO *makes no movement, but remains half turned from him.*

[12] *Advancing in his passion towards* CLAUDIO.
[13] *Restraining him.*

ACT IV, SC

Go anticly, show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst ;
And this is all.

LEONATO. But, brother Antony,—

ANTONIO. Come, 'tis no matter :

[1] Do not you meddle ; let me deal in this.

DON PEDRO. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death :
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true and very full of proof.

LEONATO. My lord, my lord,—

[2] DON PEDRO. I will not hear you.

LEONATO. No ? [3] Come, brother ; away! [4] I will be heard.

ANTONIO.[5] And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.[6]

DON PEDRO.[7] See, see ; here comes the man we went to seek.

Enter BENEDICK.[8]

CLAUDIO.[9] Now, signior, what news ?

BENEDICK. Good day, my lord.[10]

DON PEDRO. Welcome, signior : you are almost come to part almost a fray.

[CLAUDIO. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.]

DON PEDRO. Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou ? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

BENEDICK. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

CLAUDIO. We have been up and down to seek thee ; for we are high-proof melancholy and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit ?

BENEDICK. It is in my scabbard : shall I draw it ?

DON PEDRO. [Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side ?

CLAUDIO. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels ; draw, to pleasure us.]

DON PEDRO. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry ?

CLAUDIO. What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

BENEDICK. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

CLAUDIO. Nay, then, give him another staff : this last was broke cross.

DON PEDRO. By this light, he changes more and more : I think he be angry indeed.[11]

CLAUDIO. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.[12]

BENEDICK. Shall I speak a word in your ear ?

CLAUDIO. God bless me from a challenge!

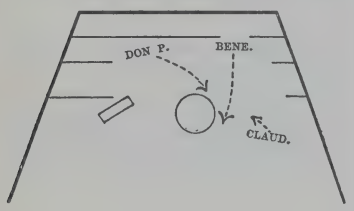
BENEDICK [*aside to* CLAUDIO]. You are a villain ; I jest not : I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

CLAUDIO.[13] Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

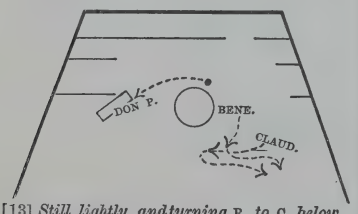
DON PEDRO.[14] What, a feast, a feast ?

[1] *Attempting to thrust* LEONATO *back with his right hand as he continues to face* CLAUDIO.

[2] *He turns away up* R.
[3] *Turning and leading* ANTONIO *up* L.C. *to house.*
[4] *As he ascends the steps with* ANTONIO.
[5] *From the top of steps.*
[6] *Into house* R.U.E.
[7] *Speaking from up* R. *by balustrade, looking off* L.
[8] *From opening in balustrade* L.C.
[9] *Advancing from down* L. *to meet* BENEDICK.
[10] *As he advances to* L. *of* C. *seat.* DON PEDRO *stands behind seat, somewhat above him,* CLAUDIO *on his left.*



[11] *He turns to seat* R. *and sits.*
[12] *Making as though to join* DON PEDRO R. *As he is in the act of doing so,* BENEDICK *steps forward quickly and with a gesture causes him to step apart towards the left.*



[13] *Still lightly, and turning* R. *to* C. *below* C. *seat.*
[14] *Rising and joining* CLAUDIO *in front of* C. *seat*

CLAUDIO. I' faith, I thank him ; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon ; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. [Shall I not find a woodcock too ?]

BENEDICK. Sir, your wit ambles well ; it goes easily.[1]

[DON PEDRO. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit : " True," said she, " a fine little one." " No," said I, " a great wit : " " Right," says she, " a great gross one." " Nay," said I, " a good wit : " " Just," said she, " it hurts nobody." " Nay," said I, " the gentleman is wise : " " Certain," said she, " a wise gentleman." " Nay," said I, " he hath the tongues : " " That I believe," said she, " for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning ; there's a double tongue ; there's two tongues." Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues : yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

CLAUDIO. For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not.

DON PEDRO. Yea, that she did ; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly : the old man's daughter told us all.

CLAUDIO. All, all ; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.]

DON PEDRO. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head ?

CLAUDIO. Yea, and text underneath, " Here dwells Benedick the married man " ?

BENEDICK. Fare you well, boy : you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour : you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.[2] My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you : I must discontinue your company : your brother the bastard is fled from Messina : you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet : and, till then, peace be with him. [*Exit.*[3]

DON PEDRO. He is in earnest.

CLAUDIO. In most profound earnest ;[4] and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

DON PEDRO. And hath challenged thee.

CLAUDIO.[5] Most sincerely.

DON PEDRO. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!

[CLAUDIO. He is then a giant to an ape ; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

DON PEDRO. But, soft you, let me be : pluck up, my heart, and be sad]. Did he not say, my brother was fled ?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the* WATCH, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.[6]

DOGBERRY. Come you, sir : if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance : nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

DON PEDRO.[7] How now ? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

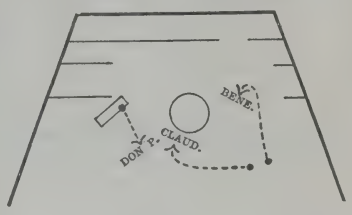
CLAUDIO. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

DON PEDRO. Officers, what offence have these men done ?

DOGBERRY. Marry, sir, they have committed false report ; moreover, they have spoken untruths ; secondarily, they are slanders ; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady ; thirdly, they have verified unjust things ; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

ACT IV, SC. I

[1] *Turning to a position* L.C. *slightly above* DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.



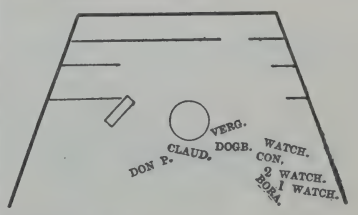
[2] *He turns up stage to opening in balustrade and addresses* DON PEDRO *from that position.*

[3] *Towards* R.

[4] *Going up and looking after* BENEDICK.

[5] *Returning to* DON PEDRO.

[6] *From* L. *at opening in balustrade.* FIRST *and* SECOND WATCH *enter first, having* BORACHIO *between them, they lead him to a position down* L. ; *they are closely followed by two others of the* WATCH *with* CONRADE—*they stand with him just above the others.*
DOGBERRY *follows with* VERGES. *He stands in front of the prisoners and addresses* CONRADE.



[7] *To* CLAUDIO

ACT IV, SC. I

DON PEDRO. First, I ask thee what they have done ; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence ; sixth and lastly, why they are committed ; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.[1]

[CLAUDIO. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division ; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.]

DON PEDRO. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer ? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood : what's your offence ?

BORACHIO. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer : do you hear me, and let this count kill me.[2] I have deceived even your very eyes : what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light ; who in the night overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero, how you were brought into the orchard and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments, how you disgraced her, when you should marry her : my villany they have upon record ; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation ; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.[3]

DON PEDRO.[4] Runs not this speech like iron through your blood ?

CLAUDIO. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.[5]

DON PEDRO. But did my brother set thee on to this ?

BORACHIO. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

DON PEDRO. He is composed and framed of treachery : [6]
And fled he is upon this villany.

CLAUDIO. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

DOGBERRY. Come, bring away the plaintiffs : [7] by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter : and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.[8]

VERGES. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO, *with the* SEXTON.[9]

LEONATO.[10] Which is the villain ? let me see his eyes,
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him : which of these is he ?

BORACHIO. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

LEONATO. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child ?

BORACHIO. Yea, even I alone.

LEONATO. No, not so, villain ; thou beliest thyself :
Here stand a pair of honourable men ;
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death :
Record it with your high and worthy deeds :
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

CLAUDIO. I know not how to pray your patience ;
Yet I must speak.[11] Choose your revenge yourself ;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin : yet sinn'd I not
But in mistaking.

DON PEDRO. [12] By my soul, nor I :
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

[1] *Crossing* CLAUDIO *to* L.C. DOGBERRY *and* VERGES *retire a little above seat* C.

[2] CLAUDIO *down* C., *looking towards* BORACHIO.

[3] BORACHIO *bows his head. There is a pause. During* BORACHIO'S *recital neither* CLAUDIO *nor* DON PEDRO *should make any but the slightest movement. After the pause* DON PEDRO *puts out his right hand, grasping* CLAUDIO'S *arm, and then speaks.*

[4] *Speaking as much for himself as for* CLAUDIO.

[5] *Turning away to seat* R., *he stands facing* R., *his face in his hands.*

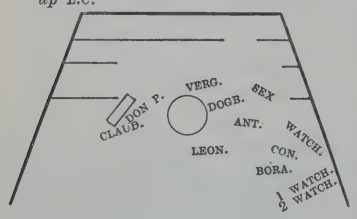
[6] *Crosses to* CLAUDIO, *and placing his arm in sympathy around his shoulders.*

[7] *Coming down* L.C.

[8] *Turns up stage and rejoins* VERGES *as* LEONATO *and others enter.*

[9] *In the order named from house.*

[10] *Speaking as he enters and coming down* L.C. ANTONIO *and the* SEXTON *remain up* L.C.



[11] *Advancing with bent head to* R.C., *facing* LEONATO.

[12] *A little towards* R.C. *and below* CLAUDIO.

LEONATO. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live ;
That were impossible : but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died ; and if your love
Can labour ought in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb
And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night :
To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew : [1] my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us :
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

CLAUDIO. O noble sir.
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer ; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

LEONATO. To-morrow then I will expect your coming ;
To-night I take my leave.[2] This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

BORACHIO. No, by my soul, she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,
But always hath been just and virtuous
In any thing that I do know by her.

DOGBERRY.[3] Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass : I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed : [they say he wears a key in his ear and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long and never paid that now men grow hard-hearted and will lend nothing for God's sake :] pray you, examine him upon that point.

LEONATO. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

DOGBERRY. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth ; and I praise God for you.

LEONATO. There's for thy pains.

DOGBERRY. God save the foundation!

LEONATO. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

DOGBERRY. I leave an arrant knave with your worship ; [4] which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! [5] I wish your worship well ; [6] God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart ; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! [7] Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

LEONATO. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

ANTONIO.[8] Farewell, my lords : we look for you to-morrow.

DON PEDRO. We will not fail.

CLAUDIO. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.[9]

LEONATO [*to the* WATCH]. Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret,[10]
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.[11]

[*Exeunt, severally.*

[1] CLAUDIO *raises his head.*

[2] *Turns towards* BORACHIO. CLAUDIO *with* DON PEDRO *turns* R.

[3] *Again advancing* L.C. *to* LEONATO'S *left.*

[4] *Indicating* BORACHIO.

[5] *Goes in front of group* L. *towards exit* L.1. VERGES *comes down to between* LEONATO *and group.*
[6] *Turns, bowing, to* LEONATO.
[7] *To* VERGES, *who follows him out.*

[8] *Coming down* L.C.

[9] *Going out with* DON PEDRO R.1 E. CLAUDIO *down stage.*

[10] *Taking* ANTONIO'S *arm, he goes with him into the house.*
[11] *The* SEXTON *signs to the* WATCH, *who lead* CONRADE *off behind the house* R.U.E., *followed by* FIRST *and* SECOND WATCH *with* BORACHIO. *The* SEXTON *going last.*

ACT IV, SC. I

[SCENE II

LEONATO'S *garden.*] [1]

Enter BENEDICK *and* MARGARET, *meeting.*[2]

BENEDICK. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

MARGARET. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty ?

BENEDICK.[3] In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it ; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

MARGARET. To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs ?

BENEDICK. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth ; it catches.

MARGARET. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

BENEDICK. A most manly wit, Margaret ; it will not hurt a woman : and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice : [I give thee the bucklers.

MARGARET. Give us the swords ; we have bucklers of our own.

BENEDICK. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice ; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.]

MARGARET.[4] Well, I will call Beatrice to you,[5] who I think hath legs.

BENEDICK. And therefore will come.

[*Exit* MARGARET.[6]

[*Sings.*][7]

The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

[8] I mean in singing ; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love.[9] Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme ; I have tried : [10] I can find out no rhyme to "Lady" but "baby," an innocent rhyme ; for "scorn," "horn," a hard rhyme ; for "school," "fool," a babbling rhyme ; very ominous endings : [11] no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.[12]

Enter BEATRICE.[13]

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee ?

BEATRICE. Yea, signior,[14] and depart when you bid me.

BENEDICK. O, stay but till then! [15]

BEATRICE. "Then" is spoken ; fare you well now : [16] and yet,[17] ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

[BENEDICK. Only foul words ; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

BEATRICE. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome ; therefore I will depart unkissed.

BENEDICK. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly,] Claudio undergoes my challenge ; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward.[18] And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me ?

BEATRICE. For them all together ; [19] which maintained so politic a

[1] *The action is continued without break.*

[2] BENEDICK *coming from* R. *to opening in balustrade and down to* L.C., *as* MARGARET *enters from* L.1 E., *standing* L.

[3] *Moving toward* C. *and turning to face* MARGARET, *who comes* L.C.

[4] *Going up* L.C. *towards steps of house.*
[5] *From top of steps.*

[6] *Into house*

[7] *Following to steps of house*

[8] *Coming down to* C. *front of seat.*

[9] *To* R., *taking a paper from his doublet.*
[10] *Sitting on seat* R., *looking at his writing.*

[11] *Rising*

[12] *He perceives* BEATRICE.

[13] *From the house. She stands a moment at top of steps as* BENEDICK *addresses her.*

[14] *Coming down steps to* L.C.

[15] *Advancing to* C. *below seat.*

[16] *Half turning to* L. *as if to go.*
[17] *Facing* BENEDICK *again and coming towards him*

[18] *Coming closer to* BEATRICE, *standing behind her and speaking over her right shoulder.*
[19] *Laughing*

ACT IV, SC. I

state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

BENEDICK. Suffer love! a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

BEATRICE. In spite of your heart, I think; [1] alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

BENEDICK. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.[2]

BEATRICE. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

BENEDICK.[3] An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in his age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

BEATRICE. And how long is that, think you?

BENEDICK. Question: why, an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

BEATRICE. Very ill.

BENEDICK. And how do you?

BEATRICE. Very ill too.

BENEDICK. Serve God, love me and mend.[4] There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.[5]

URSULA. Madam, you must come to your uncle.[6] Yonder's old coil at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently? [7]

BEATRICE.[8] Will you go hear this news, signior?

BENEDICK.[9] I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap and be buried in thy eyes;[10] and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Moves away in direction of seat* R.

[2] *Remaining* C., *but turning to face her.*

[3] *Going towards and slightly above* BEATRICE.

[4] *Taking her left hand he is about to raise it to his lips and put his arm about her when he perceives* URSULA.

[5] *From the house to* L.C.

[6] *During* URSULA'S *speech* BEATRICE *advances in front of* BENEDICK *to* C. *below seat.*

[7] URSULA *runs out again.*

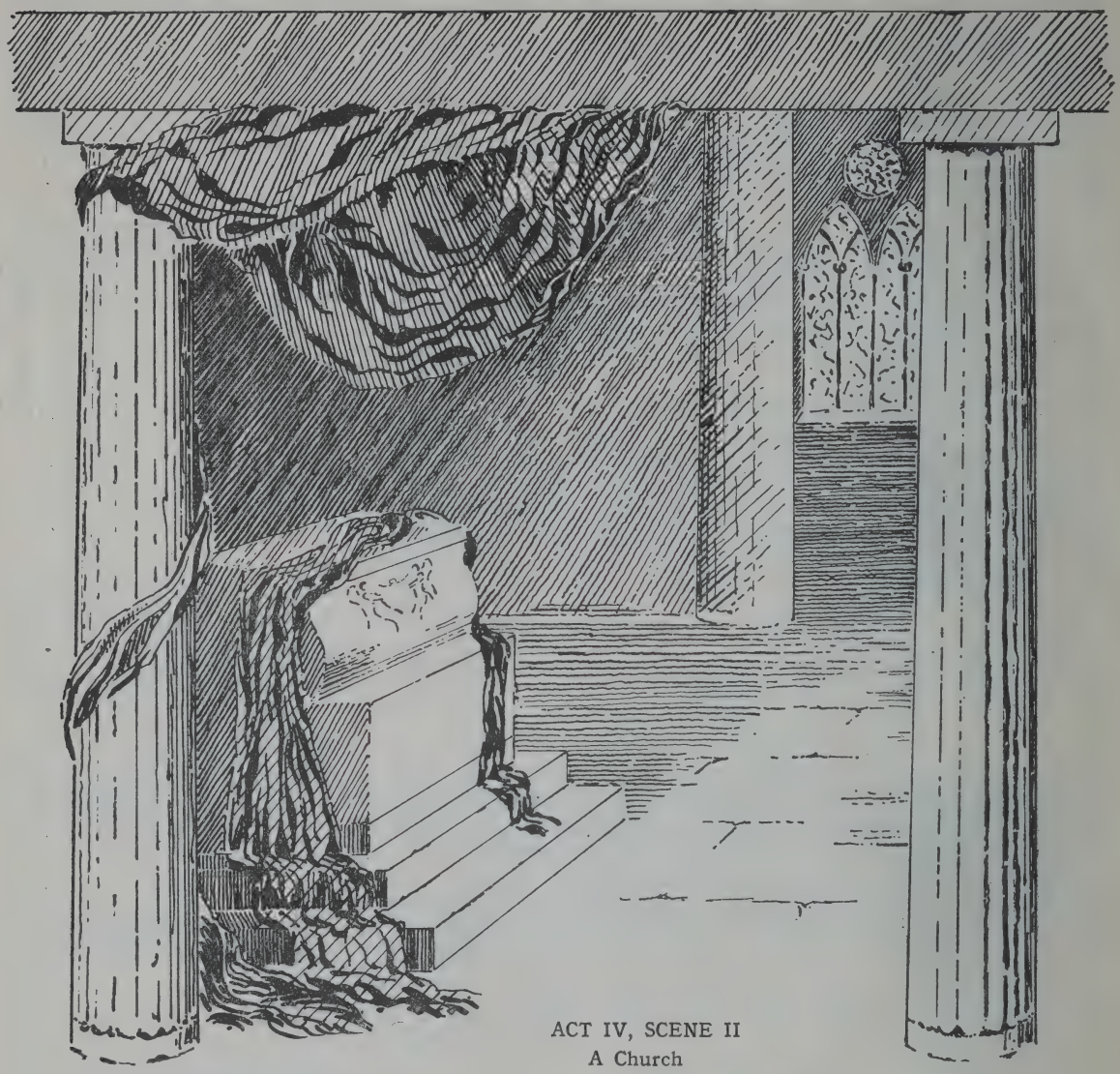
[8] *Moves after* URSULA. *At* L.C., *she turns and speaks to* BENEDICK.

[9] *Going quickly to her and putting his arms around her. Speaking in abandonment of all fence or restraint.*

[10] *Pause and change tone as he takes her by the left hand and runs with her up the steps and into the house.*

Black Out.

Draw Traverse 1.
Set front-piece and tomb. Mask with Traverse 2 *and flying Traverse. Back with Traverse* 3 *or Cloth.*



ACT IV, SCENE II
A Church

ACT IV, SC. II

SCENE II

A Church.

[1] *From* L.U.E. *One of the torch-bearers comes first and stands* R. *of tomb.* CLAUDIO *to the front of it.* DON PEDRO *standing behind him. Other torch-bearers at the back to* L.C.

[2] *Kneeling in front of the tomb, resting one hand upon it as he reads.*

[3] *He places the paper upon the monument as he rises*

[4] *Stands back a little with bowed head.*

[SCENE III

A Church.]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and three or four with tapers.*[1]

CLAUDIO. **Is this the monument of Leonato?**

A LORD. **It is, my lord.**

CLAUDIO [2] [*reading out of a scroll*].

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.[3]

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.[4]

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.[1]

CLAUDIO. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.[2]
DON PEDRO.[3] Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.[4]
CLAUDIO.[5] Good morrow, masters: each his several way.
DON PEDRO. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.
CLAUDIO. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe.

[*Exeunt.*[6]

[SCENE IV

A room in LEONATO'S *house.*]

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, *and* HERO.[7]

FRIAR. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
LEONATO. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.
ANTONIO. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
BENEDICK. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
LEONATO.[8] Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.[9]

[*Exeunt* LADIES.

[10] The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me.[11] You know your office, brother:
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.
ANTONIO. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
[12] BENEDICK. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
FRIAR. To do what, signior?
BENEDICK. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
LEONATO.[13] That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.

[1] *At the conclusion of the dirge, before speaking,* CLAUDIO *kneels again, stretches his hands out and places them upon the stone, bowing his head upon them.*
[2] *A pause.* DON PEDRO *advances and raises him.*
[3] *To those at back.*
[4] *Torch-bearer* R. *passes in front of* DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *to the others, who, extinguishing their torches as they go, pass out* R.U.E.
[5] *Crossing front of* DON PEDRO *towards the singers as they are going.*
[6] L.U.E.

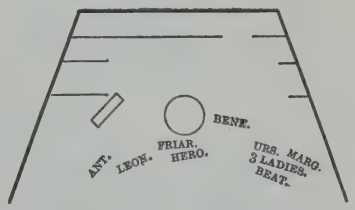
Black Out.

Traverse I. *Clear to same as Scene I, Act IV.*

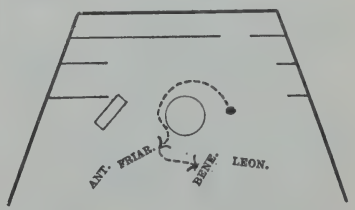
SCENE III

Before LEONATO'S *house, as Act I.*

7] LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, HERO, *and* FRIAR FRANCIS *are discovered.*
The FRIAR, *with* HERO *on his left hand below seat* C. HERO *is looking up into the* FRIAR'S *face, standing close beside him. The* FRIAR'S *left arm is about her, protectively.* BENEDICK *stands a little above them on the* L. *of seat.* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO *are below them,* LEONATO R.C., ANTONIO R., BEATRICE *stands* L. *with other ladies.* URSULA *and* MARGARET *behind them.*



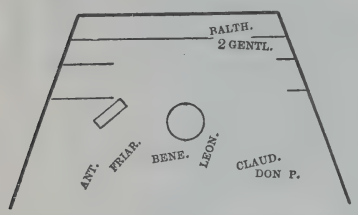
[8] *Advancing to* C. HERO, *leaving the* FRIAR, *comes to* LEONATO. *He leads her to* L.C.
[9] URSULA *and* MARGARET *attend* HERO *to steps and into house.* BEATRICE *with the other ladies follow, laughing and talking; the ladies go into the house before* BEATRICE, *who turns on the steps looking at* BENEDICK. BENEDICK *makes a slight movement towards her, she laughs and runs out.*
[10] *Continuing after* BEATRICE *has gone. Turning to* C. *The* FRIAR, *as the ladies go out, joins* ANTONIO R.C.
[11] BENEDICK *goes round at the back of* C *seat and comes down on its* R.
[12] R. *of* C.



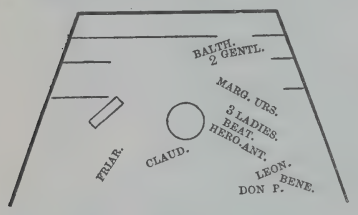
[13] L. *of* C.

ACT IV, SC. III.

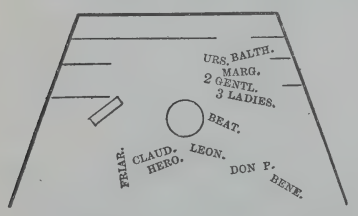
[1] *Looking up stage to* L.C.
[2] DON PEDRO *enters first with* CLAUDIO *on his* R. BALTHASAR *and two other gentlemen follow. As* DON PEDRO *speaks he comes down* L.C. *with a salutation to* LEONATO, *who turns to receive him.* CLAUDIO *stands with* DON PEDRO *on his* R.



[3] ANTONIO *goes up* R. *and crossing at back goes into house.*
[4] *Crossing to* BENEDICK'S L. LEONATO *joins* DON PEDRO L.C.
[5] *Crossing* CLAUDIO.
[6] *Crosses to* L.
[7] *Looking towards house.*
[8] ANTONIO *leads* HERO *to* L.C. BEATRICE *is behind them.* URSULA *and* MARGARET *with the other ladies join* BALTHASAR *and gentlemen at back* L.C.



[9] *Advancing* HERO *to* L. *of* CLAUDIO C.
[10] *Stepping between* HERO *and* CLAUDIO.
[11] CLAUDIO *extends his hands.* LEONATO *passes* HERO *to him.* CLAUDIO *turns her to face the* FRIAR.



[12] *As she removes her mask* HERO *steps back a little towards* C. *The* FRIAR *moves slightly towards* R.
[13] *Stepping back towards* R.
[14] *In wonderment,* CLAUDIO *approaches* HERO *and slowly folds her in his arms, turning her round and taking her up to* R. *of seat, and then leading her to* R. *up stage.*
[15] *Coming towards* C. *to* LEONATO.
[16] *Towards* DON PEDRO *and* LEONATO.
[17] *Turns in the direction of* CLAUDIO *and* HERO, R., *speaks to them and goes out* R.U.E. *after* BENEDICK *has spoken.*
[18] *Advancing from* L. *to* C. *Turning and looking towards* L.C.

BENEDICK. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
LEONATO. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio and the prince: but what's your will?
BENEDICK. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage:
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
LEONATO. My heart is with your liking.
FRIAR. And my help.
[1] Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *and two or three others.*[2]

DON PEDRO. Good morrow to this fair assembly.
LEONATO. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
CLAUDIO. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.
LEONATO. Call her forth, brother;[3] here's the friar ready.
[*Exit* ANTONIO.
DON PEDRO. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?
CLAUDIO. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.
[4] Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
BENEDICK. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low; [5]
[And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat]
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.[6]
CLAUDIO. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.[7]

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the* LADIES *masked.*[8]

Which is the lady I must seize upon?
ANTONIO. This same is she, and I do give you her.[9]
CLAUDIO. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.
LEONATO.[10] No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar and swear to marry her.
CLAUDIO.[11] Give me your hand: before this holy friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.
HERO. And when I lived, I was your other wife:
[*Unmasking.*
[12] And when you loved, you were my other husband.
[13] CLAUDIO. Another Hero!
HERO. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defiled, but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.[14]
DON PEDRO. The former Hero! Hero that is dead![15]
LEONATO. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.
FRIAR.[16] All this amazement can I qualify;
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.[17]
BENEDICK.[18] Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?

BEATRICE [1] [*unmasking*]. I answer to that name. What is your will?

BENEDICK. Do not you love me?

BEATRICE. Why, no; no more than reason.

BENEDICK. Why, then your uncle and the prince and Claudio Have been deceived; they swore you did.[2]

BEATRICE. Do not you love me? [3]

BENEDICK. Troth, no; no more than reason.[4]

BEATRICE. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula, Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.

BENEDICK.[5] They swore that you were almost sick for me.

BEATRICE.[6] They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

BENEDICK. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?

BEATRICE. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

LEONATO.[7] Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

CLAUDIO.[8] And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her; For here's a paper written in his hand, A halting sonnet of his own pure brain, Fashion'd to Beatrice.[9]

HERO. And here's another Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket, Containing her affection unto Benedick.[10]

BENEDICK.[11] A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

BEATRICE. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

BENEDICK. Peace! I will stop your mouth.

[*Kissing her.*

DON PEDRO.[12] How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

BENEDICK. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised and love my cousin.

CLAUDIO. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceedingly narrowly to thee.

BENEDICK. Come, come, we are friends: let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

LEONATO. We'll have dancing afterward.

BENEDICK. First, of my word; therefore play, music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

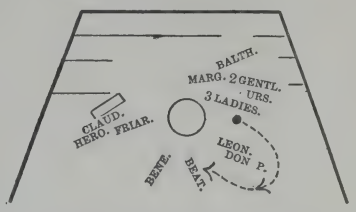
Enter a MESSENGER.[13]

MESSENGER. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina.

BENEDICK.[14] Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.[15] Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance. Exeunt.*

[1] *Coming down* L. *to* L.C.



[2] *Indicating each as he names them.* DON PEDRO *and* LEONATO *turn away quickly, up* L.
[3] *Advancing* C. *to* BENEDICK'S *left.*
[4] *Walks a pace or so down away from her.*
[5] *Coming above and slightly behind her.*
[6] *Crosses down to* R. *of him.*

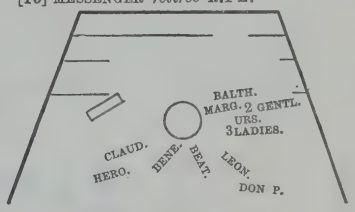
[7] *Coming down* L.C.

[8] *Coming down, with* HERO, *to* R.C.

[9] BEATRICE *snatches the paper and crosses* L., *reading it.*

[10] BENEDICK *grasps the paper from* HERO *and turns to* C., *also reading.*
[11] BEATRICE *goes to* BENEDICK *and puts her paper under his nose.*

[12] *Down* L.
[13] *From* R.1 E. *Speaking from* R. *to* DON PEDRO.
[14] *To* DON PEDRO.
[15] MESSENGER *retires* R.1 E.



Positions before the dance.

BENEDICK *with* BEATRICE.
CLAUDIO *with* HERO.
DON PEDRO *with* FIRST LADY.
LEONATO *with* SECOND LADY.
FIRST GENTLEMAN *with* THIRD LADY.
SECOND GENTLEMAN *with* MARGARET.
BALTHASAR *with* URSULA.

NOTE.—*The music for the dance should be in quick measure. The couples at arranged moments dancing out severally* R.U.E., *until only* BENEDICK *and* BEATRICE *are left. Finding they are alone they cease dancing at* C. BEATRICE *laughingly shakes her head at* BENEDICK *and holds up a finger at him. He attempts to kiss her: she laughs and draws back. He shows her the paper he has received from* HERO. *She regards it with a mock solemnity, and finds her paper and shakes it before his face. He takes her in his arms and is kissing her as the curtain quickly falls.*

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